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VASHTI'S MARRIAGE.

"Say to the King: I will not come, his Queen
That I am not, and never yet have been—

"Say to the King: I will not stand again
A beauteous lie among his princely men;

"Say to the King: Cold pomp and regal state,
And glittering servitude but mock my fate.

"Say to the King: I am his slave, my life
Made all a bitter irony for wife.

"Yet say ye to the King: 'Twere sweet to wear
A sackcloth gown and kneel before him there,

"Unsandled, mean, amid that rich-robed throng,
Braving its wonder as I passed along.

"So he would raise me with one true, pure kiss,
This were my wifehood, and my queenhood this."

A DEED AND A WORD.

BY CHAS. MACKAY.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that men might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summer never dried,
Has cooled ten thousand parched tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath;
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

Pauline's Pride.

BY WALTER GARDINER.

She was a grandly beautiful woman—one to inspire admiration at the first glance. Standing by the bureau in her elegant boudoir, her proud head thrown back, and one hand partially upraised, she presented a picture to charm an artist's soul. Her full, yet symmetrical figure, the unconscious grace of her attitude, the delicacy of her complexion, the composure of her regally lovely face, all combined to thrill a beholder with awe. And to wonder again at the lavishness of nature, one had but to glance at her luxuriant hair of raven blackness, her deep liquid eyes, rubescent lips, and pearly teeth.

Heaven had indeed showered its choicest blessings upon Pauline Seaton.

A faint knock now sounded upon the door. The beauty turned, commanded the applicant to enter, and then glanced once in the mirror. A servant appeared to say that Mr. Aldrich was below. Pauline nodded, and dismissed the attendant with a wave of her hand. A moment later she started for the drawing-room. As she glided in with queenly grace, a gentleman came forward from a remote corner of the room, clasped both her hands very tenderly, and said in a deep, fervent voice,—

"Pauline! My love! My peerless one!"

"You have returned, Herman! I did not expect you so soon," she answered in sweet but measured tones.

There was beauty, pride, fascination in her manner, but Herman Aldrich yearned for devotion—a warm outspringing of affection. Still he knew better than to expect this from her, it was, forsooth, inconsistent with her dignity. Leading her to a sofa, he seated himself by her side, still holding her left hand in his.

"You don't say if you are glad to see me, Pauline?"

He must say that at all events, his heart craved tenderness. She turned her magnificent eyes upon him with something like admiration, and a slight smile parted her lips.

"Would it increase my gratification, or yours, Herman?"

"Mine, yes! O Pauline, I must see, hear, and feel love to make me happy. Your pride is grand. I cannot but admire it, and yet I would give all I possess to hear your voice in endearment."

She laughed musically.

"The fact is, Herman, you want to be babied You should have chosen a rural maid. My accomplishments are not of that order."

A frown clouded his brow, and he pulled nervously at the ends of his golden moustache. At length he replied—

"That is unkind, Pauline. The less of such words between us the better for our peace."

"I have a new waltz," she said, rising with a charming unconcern. "It is splendid. Will you turn the music."

"With pleasure," he answered, repressing the feelings of pain and annoyance that struggled for utterance.

She played the piece half through, and said, very pleasantly,—

"Is my lover angry?"

A bright smile shot into his eyes, he yearned to press her to his breast but he dared not.

"No, my darling, no."

"I'm thankful for that. Still," and she struck one or two minor notes, and looked coquettishly over her shoulder, "I'd rather see you angry than hear you lecture. Your homilies are awful stupid, Herman."

His face flushed and he dropped his eyes. He could not imagine why it pleased her to torment him. Surely it was not a bright omen for the future. He was about to speak, but she began playing vigorously, watching her fingers as they flew over the keys, but taking no notice of him. He bore it all in silence, and praised her performance when at last it was concluded.

After a brief conversation he arose to go. Her indifference had chilled him through, and he wished to be alone to have time for reflection, safe from the fascination of her beauty.

"I want you to go to the opeara with me to-morrow night Pauline," he said, as he drew near the door.

"Thanks, but I'm engaged," she answered with that cold composure of hers.

"Engaged!" he repeated, his eyes dilating. "I do not understand this. Who forestalls me in your society?"

"I promised Mr. Neville that I would go with him, and I intend to keep my word," she responded with a calm defiance.

Aldrich bit his lip to restrain his indignation; for a moment he was silent, then taking her hands again he gazed upon her tenderly, and said,—

"Pauline, my love, you must hear me. I as your accepted lover have rights which your womanhood should compel you to respect. Don't let your pride govern your reason, dearest, but for once open your heart to my words. To begin with, Neville's character is none of the best; his money is his only passport in society. But more than this, you are mine, honor hath bound us, the law that shall make us one cannot give new love or new trust. As you are mine in heart, I must ask you to tell Mr. Neville the reason you cannot go with him; it will be but a just acknowledgment of my claims."

He gazed upon her anxiously to note the effect of his words.

Her lip curled slightly, her dark eyes flashed, as she rejoined,—

"I will be no man's slave, Herman Aldrich."

His face paled, his fingers curled toward the palms of his hands. In a husky voice he queried,—

"Then you refuse?"

"Yes," firmly.

The man drew a long, weary sigh. His soul seemed sinking. He felt the terrible result of her obstinacy, it blackened the future, it embittered the present. But he would make one more appeal to her, better feelings.

"Pauline, think what we are to each other; remember that we have but one life. Love is our anchor here in this world of trials. I beseech you to retract your words! By our hope of heaven I beg you to consider your noble nature, and put aside this wilfulness. One word of yours either makes or mars our common destiny. Dearest, best beloved, hear me, think well before you speak."

His earnestness touched her, but she felt that he was offering an ultimatum, and her pride rebelled.

"I have but to repeat my answer, Herman," she replied, with a deprecating wave of her hand.

"My God! Then you love me not, you never loved me."

"Did I ever say I did?"

He reeled and caught at the door-post for support. Then turning his wild eyes toward her, he answered in a hollow voice,—

"No, no; so far you speak the truth; you never did. But oh, that you could deceive me so! that you could promise your hand when no love for me dwelt in your heart. Was it for this I hoped and prayed? A mockery, a hollow home, a form without soul? O God, forgive her!"

She trembled as this low wail broke piteously from his lips, her face grew white, but she would not allow her natural feelings sway. She spoke, however.

"I preferred you, Herman, to all others."

That cut him—it seemed a sneer at his love, at all love. He regained control of himself, his features took on a look of scorn, and the words burst from his lips,—

"Pauline! You have made me your slave—have cajoled me into the belief that you loved me—and before you defy me, now you tacitly acknowledge without shame that our union was to be one of form—a meaningless ceremony. 'Tis over! 'tis the last! You are free. I have no claim upon you, no hope in regard to you; nothing but present sorrow. If in the future you can find one to love, marry him; make him happy. I cannot take an empty heart. God bless you."

He sprang forward, pressed one kiss upon her brow, and fled from the house. She heard the door close, then her senses became confused; the walls seemed closing in upon her, and she sank insensible upon the carpet. Five minutes later, her father found her there, her head resting upon one arm, her face a deadly white. Lifting her in his arms, he bore her to a sofa, and was about to ring for assistance, when she opened her eyes.

"Stop! I am well now," she said, impulsively.

"But, my dear child—"

"Enough. I will prove my words."

And seating herself at the piano, she dashed off a brilliant air, and then pausing, looking up into his face with an animated smile.

"You're a strange girl, Pauline. But tell me the cause of your fainting; there must have been a cause," searchingly.

"I ate too much dinner, I think," she answered, quietly.

Disarmed of his suspicions, if any he had, he gave the subject no further consideration. The following evening, Pauline accompanied George Neville to the opera. Every eye was bent upon her with wonder and admiration, and her escort felt a glow of pride as he thought of the absent Aldrich.

The next morning at breakfast, her father glanced at her several times in a regretful, half reproving way, and Pauline become annoyed, at length demanded an explanation.

"I have good reason to be both sad and vexed," he said, gravely. "You were at the opera last night, with Neville."

"And what of that, pray?"

"Nothing, of course—decidedly nothing—you wilful girl. Only—mark I say only—Mr. Neville had laid a wager previously that you would go with him, and he boasted of it last night at the Manhattan club."

"Dared he?" she cried, her bosom heaving with indignation.

"Oh, yes, he dared, and was knocked down for his pains."

"By whom?"

"Herman Aldrich," answered the father, watching his daughter's features narrowly. But they revealed nothing. Her self-control was simply wonderful.

Presently Mr. Seaton left the house and started for his office. He reached Wall street at 9 a. m. From that hour until four he was in a state of terrible excitement. There had been a panic in stocks—gold was rising—the market was feverish—the financial world was shaken to its very foundation. Fortunes were engulfed in an instant. Men worth millions in the morning were but little better than beggars at night.

Mr. Seaton rushed into his office to consult a moment with his partner. Dropping into a chair, he requested him to ascertain the amount of stocks in a certain company, which they had on hand. Richard Marden hastily referred to his books, and then his spare, sallow face seemed to grow whiter and thinner; his pen trembled in his fingers, he could not speak.

"Well, well, out with it, for God's sake!" exclaimed Mr. Seaton, in a tremulous, hollow voice.

"We are ruined—utterly ruined!" groaned Marden, dropping his head upon his little desk.

Henry Seaton sprang to his feet and ran from the building, his face blanched, his eyes gleaming wildly. But no one noticed him. Too many men acted like maniacs that terrible day to have a fresh case occasion much alarm.

"Oh, my child! My Pauline! Lost all lost! Oh, heaven! can it be true?"

He staggered against a building and gazed fiercely around. There was a fashionable liquor saloon at his left. His strength was nearly gone—he must have stimulant. Entering the gilded hall, he called for brandy. It was brought to him, and he drained the glass at a draught.

"Again! Another! it gives me life."

The waiter placed a bottle upon the table, and the bankrupt filled his glass to the rim, and tossed it off with a savage delight. He was growing beside himself, and as he went out, the waiter muttered:

"He's used up by the 'corner' to-day."

Three-quarters of an hour later, Henry Seaton stood in the chamber at home. Its elegance seemed to mock him with weird voices, for he knew his house must be given up. And Pauline, so tenderly reared! how could she bear poverty? The poor man shrieked aloud, and tore his hair and beat his breast. Then his eye fell upon a silvered revolver lying upon the table. He took it up and examined it, strange, wild thoughts torturing his brain. Anon low, hollow murmurings left his lips, his body trembled, his inflamed imagination, aided by the stimulant he had drank, pictured fiends about to attack him. Like lightning his arm went up—the barrel pressed his ear, he pulled the trigger—and the next instant he fell on his back dead, his brains scattered about him. Only one of the many victims of Black Friday.

The explosion was heard by Pauline, who was going to her boudoir at the time. For a moment she stood motionless, controlled by a nameless terror. Then she rang the hall bell violently, and tottered rather than walked toward her father's room. The door was locked. She tried to push it open, and then fainted from the horror that was foreshadowed on her soul.

Presently the servant came rushing up stairs. The maiden was carried to her room, and then Mr. Seaton's door was burst open. With cries of fear and dismay, the attendants beheld the lifeless body of their master. And while they gazed upon it, a heart-rending shriek broke upon their ears, and Pauline, nearly frantic with anguish, darted by them, and threw herself upon her father's body. Wildly she called upon him to live for her sake, and pressed warm kisses upon his face, while the servants wept and wrung their hands. But at length she realized that he was dead; and then a despair terrible to behold settled upon her face, and existence, for the time became, a rankling curse.

* * * * * *

"You don't remember a thing about it, deary, and I'm sure I don't want to talk about it. It was an awful day, and that's no name for it. Your face was whiter than it is now, though you're far from being over it yet; and I thought you'd die in spite of all we could do. Bless me how thankful I am that we can't live these things but once."

Good Mrs. Hartley paused to wipe her spectacles, and to clear her eyes from the tears that would come whenever she looked at the pale, thin girl before her, and thought what had brought her into this plain, country home.

"Do tell me, auntie. I can bear it, I know I can," murmured the maiden, raising her dark, dreamy eyes to her companion's face, and gently taking one of her hands.

"You're a blessed child, that you are, Polly. I'd refuse you nothing, I could beg or borrow; but it does seem too bad to go over this dreadful affair again. You are strong? You may think so, but I know better. Well, well, if you'll never speak about it again, I'll try to get through with it somehow. Dear me! Well, your uncle happened down to York on that day—you know what day I mean—and hearing what had happened, he sent for me; and I went and brought you here. You were out of your head then, poor dear, and so you didn't suffer so much, I hope. There, that's all; and I do hope I shall never have to speak on't again."

"And there was nothing of papa's fortune left, nothing?" said the girl, in a low, sad voice.

"No, deary; but I wouldn't think about it, because I want you to get well as soon as you can," answered Aunt Hester, patting the shapely head with a great deal of affection.

"You'll enjoy yourself here, when the weather gets warm, and you'll see much that's new to you. It'll be much better than being a governess in the city, among them that you used to be on a level with. I said at first I'd have none of that, and I'll keep my word. My birdie shan't be plagued by anybody."

And off came the glasses again, to be wiped, and the earnest old eyes to be cleared of tears. This rule, but natural love sank deep into Pauline's heart, and leaning her head upon the old lady's knees, she wept softly.

"Let the poor thing cry—it'll do her good; it's much better than to see her so pale and still, and looking for all the world as if she was going to die every minute," mused Aunt Hester, gazing down upon her sympathetically.

Time went on; the influence of Pauline's illness had passed, and every event came back with distinctness. It was a strange realization. She, the haughty, proud belle, here in a farmhouse, dependent upon her father's sister, and that father dead. And Herman, where was he? She trembled, sighed wearily, and passing her hands across her brow, moved slowly out upon the lawn. The sun was sinking to rest, and the western horizon was dyed with crimson and gold. The gentle south wind brought the odor of wild violets in its breath, and the birds were singing their evening hymns upon the tree-tops.

Pauline sat down in a rustic chair, and, folding her hands, gazed upon the pastoral scene with something like a wonder. At times her life seemed like a vision, from which she must awake. Across the garden she looked now, and saw, in the lane beyond, the cows coming home, and heard the bleating of the calves in the barn, and the shrill voices of the cocks as they went to their roost. Then she rested her face upon her hands and directed her eyes to the green grass, and in doing so she saw her calico dress and her thick boots. An expression of surprise went over her face.

"Yes, 'tis I, Pauline Seaton. It's all true: but oh, Heaven! shall I ever learn to realize it? Shall I ever become accustomed to myself as I am? Shall I ever forget myself as I was? It may be for the best. I must think it is, or I shall lose my reason."

"It's a kind o' pleasant twilight, Miss Pauline."

The words were uttered in a coarse but kindly voice. The maiden looked up, and beheld Enoch Bangs, one of the farm-hands, leaning on his hoe, his bright blue eyes bent upon her admiringly. There was something in those eyes that recalled old memories, and so Pauline had spoken to their possessor occasionally. He called her Pauline, too, while all the others afflicted her with "Polly."

"Yes, Enoch," she answered, mechanically. "Are you very tired to-night?"

"No, Miss Pauline, not very, though I've hoed a master sight to-day," he rejoined, with a quirk of his head peculiar to him.

She nodded and smiled faintly, and then went in to help her aunt get supper. Employment she must have, and so she did it, and she took hold of it with avidity; it served to keep her mind from herself and the past, and that was the great desideratum. What would the belles and beaux of New York have said, to have seen the queenly Pauline Seaton in the midst of a brood of chickens, feeding the dough to them with her own hands?

June came—June, with its roses of all kinds and hues. 'Twas evening; the fields were silvered with moonlight; a light breeze mitigated the summer heat; the whip-poor-will's weird song echoed from the forest on valley and hill. Pauline, in a white dress with a crimson sash, sat on the lawn, meditating. Presently Enoch, resplendent in white pants and vest, with dark coat, came out and took a seat by her side. She was glad of his presence; he would amuse her.

"You are looking finely to-night, Enoch."

"Thank you, Miss Pauline. I don't believe you'd say that, if you didn't mean it."

"Miss Pauline," said Enoch, timidly, "I kinder thought may be you could tell us a story about the city, or something, and so I came down. Could you now think of something, and won't it be too much trouble?"

"A love story, Enoch?"

She tried to speak laughingly.

"Yes, them are the best allus."

"Well, I'll make up one, if I can't think of a real one. There was once a very proud girl, who was loved by a most worthy man, a man noble of heart and purpose. She became engaged to him, and the time was set for their marriage. Well, as I said, the girl was wilful, haughty and obstinate, and so she promised to go out of an evening with a man whom her lover disliked, and who was not really worthy of her society. Her lover remonstrated with her, pleaded with her, but all to no purpose. She would have her way. At this her lover reminded her of her duty to him and her love, but she as much as told him that she never loved him. Then he left her, not in anger, as she deserved, but in sorrow and forgiveness."

"But did the girl really love him, Miss Pauline?"

"Yes, better than her life, but she was too proud to confess it. She preferred to scorn love, but in consequence she has learned the value of it. To-night, she is trying to fill the aching void in her heart with hope—trying in vain."

"No, not in vain, my loved one—my beautiful Pauline!"

The false whiskers were cast aside, and the radiant face of Herman Aldrich beamed down upon her. The old pride flashed up for an instant, and then it was lost in the torrent of bliss that swept over her heart.

"O Herman! my own, my own!"

She sank upon his breast, and his lips met hers in one lingering kiss.

Two months later Mrs. Herman Aldrich appeared in society at the metropolis, but with softened pride.—*Waverly Magazine.*

AN EXCHANGE says: "Formerly, when a man got tired of the world, he went into a cave and dwelt alone; now he accomplishes the same result by opening a store and neglecting to advertise."

The Beauties of Florida—Spring Grove on Lake George.

I have been asked to write down my impressions of Spring Grove, which Mr. Emil Salinger, of New York city, Mr. Damon Greenleaf and Mr. Samuel I. Bridge, of Jacksonville now call their own.

Spring Grove is situated in Orange county, on Big Lake George, which is twelve miles wide by fifteen in length. It has one and a half miles lake front, three quarters of a mile creek front, and lined all along its banks (or it is on rising ground) with fruit trees, cypress, oak, magnolia, and palmetto. The crystal waters of the creek, or "Spring Run," as it is called, and the beauty of the spring itself, are marvelous, and it appears that so small a spring, only 100 feet across, should make such a stream, propelling its peculiar silvery waters half a mile into the lake. You have seen Wakulla, Blue Spring, and Silver Spring, on the Ocklawaha? I was told by a gentleman on my way home, who has lived in Florida forty years, that by the expenditure of a little time to clear the leaves and moss from the outer edge of Silver Spring, it would exceed in beauty any of the three named. From the moment the boat touches the "run" in the lake, comes the sense of "floating in air" that many have described of other famous springs in the State. Far below us, as we rowed on, swam the golden, ruby, and emerald fishes, and near at hand they seemed. I almost lost my respect for the trout that were beguiled from these glorious depths by our tin spinner, but there is something about glitter, even if it is but tin, that has beguiled many a creature of higher order than a trout, sometimes blinding them, and the cause of their destruction. How I would like to describe spearing fish by moonlight, and also (which is better) by lamplight, the lantern hanging over the bow of the boat. This is one of the sports of the "run," and exciting it is to see the fish, motionless underneath and at the sides of your boat, blinded by the glare, so easy a prey that sometimes they can be taken out by the hand if not by the spear. One moonlight night the boat passed over countless fish and numbers of alligators, and it was a strange, exciting scene.

On the land are orange trees in such a wilderness of profusion that the eye wearies in counting them, though it can never tire in looking on their beauty. Thousands follow thousands over many acres, and one sees on them the ripened fruit, the green promise of the coming harvest, and here and there the bridal blossom. Nature's quiet in these groves has been disturbed. One hears far and near the sound of the axe and the brush-hook, and the voices of men cheering each other on to their work which destroys all thought of solitude. Ten laborers have already made for themselves a home, where a few weeks since man could hardly walk.

Outside of the groves, in the hammocks, are beautiful vines and flowers of various kinds, while near the lake a high shrub grows with a waving stalk of pink flowers. They have something the appearance of small hollyhocks and it seemed as if the peace of those beautiful days was folded away in their pink depths. They looked smilingly toward the north, south, east and west and upon the grand soil that gave them birth.

On the lake there is an infinite variety of beauty, now like a mirror, with not the whisper of a wave; now like a deep blue basin hollowed out in the earth; now white with the quick rain; now roaring and foaming with the wind. The showers sometimes chase each other over the lake, waiting now and then to let a rainbow stir itself an instant. Again they march slowly around the horizon, as if deliberating where they could give the benefit of their abundance; then in quiet dignity, sailing far away, leaving only added brightness behind.

There are birds of all kinds in the woods and near the shore. The sad, grey limbkin is there, which, since my return, I find named *limbkin* by Captain Lund, twenty-five years ago, from its resemblance, in its limping gait, to a set of Georgia "crackers," whom some wild young bloods (Captain L. being one of the number) nicknamed *limbkins*. When he first saw the bird in Florida, limping off, he said to a friend: "That bird walks like our limbkins in Georgia, and hence the name. There are quails, reed birds, wild turkeys, eagles, owls, and herons of all kinds, also birds similar to the gulls, known as the sea-gulls. Sometimes the shore looks white with the cranes, as they rest among the grasses, and it seems as if they had gathered all the sunshine and purity of Nature into themselves, and as they lift their bodies lazily up, floating away, they look too beautiful to die. 'Tis true at Spring Grove there are no lectures save what the grand old trees, gnarled and hoary with the experience of hundreds of years, can give; no concerts, but what the lake, the birds, and the palpitating air produces; no churches save the great one whose roof is the sky, and whose floor the rich, warm-hearted, charitable earth. There are no galleries of pictures painted by mortal hands, but a shifting panorama of scenes, moonlight, sunlight, firelight, and storm-light; no streets, no stores, no conservatories of music, no neighbors, no interruptions—all is peace harmony, and concord, and I love to sit and muse on what has been there, as well as what is, and listen to the wonderful melody of the waves, straining my ears to lose none of their tones and, my eyes to catch all of their life, color, and sparkle.

Having but one more incident, and that connected with my departure, your patience will be taxed but little longer. It rained slowly all the day of my leaving, and as the Volusia did not come at her usual hour, Mr. Bridge started out with a lamp in a boat to the bulk-head, to signal her. As we went down the hill he shouted to me to "come and see the rainbow;" so hurrying past the camp-fire, where all the men were getting their supper, one of the hunters said, "Got to find the pot of gold, marm, at the end of the rainbow." When I reached the centre of our little temporary wharf, I saw a sight I had never seen before, and shall never forget. Before us was one brilliant band of color from horizon to horizon, spanning the entire lake, and resting beyond, straight in front of the wharf upon which I stood. All at once the colors crept across the waters as bright as those above, and in an instant the rainbow was at my feet, showing brilliantly on the shining wet wharf. Involuntarily I looked for the pot of gold but the bow stood but a second and was gone.—*M. A. B.*

Apple Parings—A Glimpse into a Farmer's Kitchen.

"Apple-parings," or "paring bees," with the many other pleasant old customs with which our ancestors, our grandfathers and grandmothers, were wont to pass their leisure evenings after the harvest was o'er, are rapidly dying away before the onward march of time; but in a few towns they are still in vogue, and the young people enjoy themselves at these gatherings with all the wholesome heartiness and vivacity characteristic of the meetings in the olden time. It is about this time that invitations to these "bees" are being issued, and eight o'clock in the evening sees some well-to-do farmer's kitchen filled with the lads and lassies of the neighborhood, eager to commence their attack upon the pans of rosy-cheeked apples heaped high upon the shining tables. Knives are produced, long aprons are donned by the blushing girls, whose cheeks reflect the color of the luscious fruit, the modern apple-parers are affixed, the party separate into groups around the different pans, and in a moment flashing fingers vie with restless tongues in the rapidity of their movements. Huge piles of apples melt away as if by magic, and, pared, quartered and cored, they rise white and tempting in the buckets prepared for them. The conversation and laughter increases in a ratio as the work decreases, until by and by some maiden throws a "paring" over her head and there is a rush to see the letter it forms as it falls upon the floor—sure to be the initial letter of the one she loves the best. The fun then waxes hot and furious, others try their fortunes with this infallible test, games of forfeits are introduced, a rousing smack is heard from the corner of the room, another and then another, and we see that the forfeits are being paid with good honest kisses that resound throughout the kitchen; kisses given with a heartiness that leaves no doubt as to the pleasure felt in their sincerity. At last the fun is over, the maidens retire to don their wraps, and the youths, with palpitating hearts, range themselves in a row to await their coming. Form after form, muffled to their ears with only the bright faces appearing, trip down stairs and "May I see you home?" "Yes, thank you," or "No, thank you, I have company," decides some poor lad's fate, and the fortunate ones arm-in-arm pass out together while the "mittened" one with an assumption of indifference asks to be allowed to sit on the fence and see her go by. The lights are turned out, the farmer's family soon are asleep and the young walk slowly along the snow-clad road, glistening with its myriads of diamonds in the bright moonlight and repeat the old story that is never old, but always the story of stories to each succeeding generation. And this, in brief, is an "apple-paring."

Benefit of Pain.

Life would be a series of disasters, without the warning voice of pain. Infancy would be maimed or perish before experience could inform it of its danger. Lord Kaimes advised parents to cut the fingers of their children cunningly with a knife, that the little innocents might associate suffering with the glittering blade before they could do themselves a worse injury; but if no smart accompanied the wound, they would cut up their own fingers with the same glee that they cut up a stick, and burn them in a candle with the same delight that they burn a piece of paper in the fire. Without pain we could not proportion our actions to the strength of our frames, or our exertions to its powers of endurance. In the impetuosity of youth, we should strike blows that would crush our hands and break our arms; we should take leaps that would dislocate our ribs, and no longer taught by fatigue that the muscles need repose, we should continue our sports and our walking-tours till we had worn out the living tissue with the unconsciousness that we now wear out our coat and shoes. The very nutriment which is the support of life would frequently prove our death. Mirabeau said of a man, who was as idle as he was corpulent, that his only use was to show how far the skin would stretch without bursting. Without pain this limit would be constantly exceeded and epicures, experiencing no uneasy sensations, would continue their festivities until they met with the fate of the frog in the fable, who was ambitious of emulating the size of the ox. An eminent physician mentions the case of a gentleman who had lost the sense of heat in his right hand, and who, unconscious that the cover of a pan which had fallen into the fire was burning hot, took it out and deliberately returned it to its place, to the destruction of the skin of the palm and fingers. This of itself would be an accident of incessant occurrence if the monitor were wanting which makes us drop such things quicker than we pick them up. Pain is the grand preserver of existence, the sleepless sentinel that watches over our safety, and makes us both start away from the injury that is present and guard against it carefully in the time to come.

Getting a Barrel of Flour up Stairs.

It is a matter of conscience with us never to laugh or make fun of another fellow's misery, owing to the uncertainty of affairs generally. You can never tell whose 'turn may come next.'

A man put his head in our window with a patch over his eye, his nose skinned, his fingers tied up, and a general aspect of having called somebody a liar. We looked at him and inquired if he had the names of the other killed and wounded.

"Now, look here, you; I don't want none of your makin' fun of me, now mind that," and he looked vicious; but continued:

"It was a barrel of flour did it. You see it was sent home yesterday, and when I got home last evening, the first thing the old woman said was: 'I want that barrel up garret.'

"All right," says I, and I just grabbed the old thing and rolled it to the foot of the stairs and up-ended it onto the second step, but when I went to over-end it again, it flew back and barked my shins about four inches, so that I dropped it quicker than you ever see. Then I rolled it up till I got it to the fifth step, right on the turn, and the blamed thing wouldn't go any further; so I up-ended it again, but it flew back, hit me in the stomach and jammed me up in the corner so tight that I couldn't move till the old woman helped me out, and together we worked the wretched nuisance up until we got nearly to the top of the stairs, when nothing would do her but she must climb over it to get a chance to pull. She was just about on the top of it, the last I saw of her. Then there was a screech and a howl, and a mixture of two humans and a flour barrel all the way down stairs and out into the kitchen, where it pitched the old woman over the stove, and smashed the supper table into kindling-wood, and then busted itself against the chimney. Now we aint got no dishes, and the stove don't sit easy on three legs, and the old woman's got the longest mad on I ever see; so I'm afraid to go home, and I don't feel very well myself."—*Free Press.*

A Republic not Like Ours.

The head of the government, the Grand Caliph, was elected for a term of twenty years. I questioned the wisdom of this. I was answered that he could do no harm, since the ministry and the parliament governed the land, and he was liable to impeachment for misconduct. This great office had twice been ably filled by women, women as aptly fitted for it as some of the sceptred queens of history. Members of the cabinet, under many administrations, had been women.

I found that the pardoning power was lodged in a court of pardons, consisting of several great judges. Under the old *regime*, this important power was vested in a single official, and he usually took care to have a general jail delivery in time for the next election.

I inquired about public schools. There were plenty of them, and of free colleges too. I inquired about compulsory education. This was received with a smile, and the remark,—

"When a man's child is able to make himself powerful and honored according to the amount of education he acquires, don't you suppose that that parent will apply the compulsion himself? Our free schools and free colleges require no law to fill them."

There was a loving pride of country about this person's way of speaking which annoyed me, I had long been unused to the sound of it in my own. The Gondour national airs were forever dinning in my ears; therefore I was glad to leave that country and come back to my dear native land, where one never hears that sort of music.

The difference between perseverance and obstinacy is, that one often comes from a strong will, and the other from a strong won't.

TO THE "BOUQUET CLUB."

O Rosebud garland of girls!
Who ask for a song from me,
To what sweet air shall I set my lay?
What shall its key-note be?
The flowers have gone from wood and hill;
The rippling river lies white and still;
And the bird that sang on the maple bough,
Afar in the southland singeth now!

O Rosebud garland of girls!
If the whole glad year were May;
If winds sang low in the clustering leaves,
And roses bloomed alway;
If youth were all that there is of life,
If the years brought nothing of care or strife,
Nor even a cloud to the ether blue,
It were easy to sing a song for you!

Yet O my garland of girls!
Is there nothing better than May?
The golden glow of the harvest-time!
The rest of the Autumn day!
This thought I give to you all to keep:
Who soweth good seed shall surely reap;
The year grows rich as it groweth old,
And life's latest sands are its sands of gold!

—*St. Nicholas.*

A Christmas Tale.

"Christmas Eve, Aunt Ellen. Our first Christmas at home for ten long years. Ten long, lonely years. Only you and I to wish each other a Merry Christmas, with hearts far removed from merriment. No little children to greet Santa Claus with ringing shouts of joy. No family to gather round the Christmas Tree. We will give to each other trinkets to mark our love, we will eat turkey and mince pies, and in the afternoon I will go over to the Sunday-school children. And so the day will glide by, as it has year after year, in Paris, in Italy, in London, in St. Petersburg—where have we not spent a Christmas?"

"But we are at home home now, dear," was the reply.

"True. There is some comfort in that. I have longed so for home thinking that we might find in New York some trace of our lost one. Surely she will come home! Yet, it is ten years that the house has been in the hands of strangers. Who can tell that she has not been turned away from the door? It breaks my heart, Aunt Ellen—it breaks my heart!"

The woman who spoke was pacing slowly up and down a long, handsomely furnished drawing-room, her small jeweled hands clasped tightly together, and her eyes misty with unshed tears. She was richly dressed in heavy silk of a deep wine-color, soft fine lace, and tasteful jewelry, and she was very beautiful.

She was not very young, past thirty but her soft fair complexion and delicate features made her appear younger than her actual age. Her eyes, of deep violet, were large and expressive, and her hair, worn in close curls round her shapely head, was of the richest brown, throwing back golden lights in the bright glare from the chandelier. She was tall and slender, yet gracefully proportioned, and her movements were easy and dignified.

Her companion, who was half hidden in the depths of a velvet armchair, was small and very pretty, but old enough to have her snowy hair folded away under a soft lace cap, and to wear the old-lady dress of black silk and white muslin, with a shawl of Shetland wool around her shoulders.

She looked with loving, tender eyes at the restless woman pacing the floor, and when she spoke, there was sympathy in every tone.

"Remember, darling," she said, "that it is less than a year we returned here. It is too early to be discouraged."

"I am not discouraged, but it is so hard to wait. Think of the happy family that gathered year after year in this room, of our father, Uncle Harry and Mabel! All gone. Nothing left me but your precious love, and the good I can do the poor."

"And Mira, speaking of that, did you not tell me you had still some purchases to make for your class to-morrow?"

"True. Mr. Morrison's call drove it from my mind. There were more toys needed. I can go now. It is not seven o'clock. I will order the carriage, and be back before nine."

She rang the bell as she spoke, ordered the carriage, and sent for her maid and wraps.

The old lady waited until they were once more alone, and then said, wistfully:

"You would have told me if Mr. Morrison brought any news?"

"Indeed I would!" was the earnest reply, and the old lady felt a caressing hand upon her own. "There was only the old story of failure. Oh, Aunt Ellen, I would spend every dollar I own if it would bring her once more into my arms, bring her face against my own again! Where is she this cold Christmas Eve? How do we know she is not cold or hungry, while we have luxury! How do we know what sorrow she may endure! Oh, Mabel, Mabel! where are you?"

"She may be dead," the old lady said, very sadly.

A heavenly smile lit the face of Mira Cresswell, as she answered:

"No. She could not die, and I not know it. You forget we are twins, Aunt Ellen. She has suffered deeply, has known illness and sorrow—bitter sorrow—but she is not dead. When I feel keen pain, I know she is ill and suffering. When my heart sinks with some unknown grief, I know she weeps in sorrow. But she could not die, and I live on. Do you know she seems strangely near to me to-night, and she is sad, very sad!"

"Nearer than she seemed six months ago, dear, when you were so sure she was coming home?"

"Yes; even nearer than she seemed then. But here is Mary with my wraps."

"Are you going alone? Take Mary with you."

"It is not worth while. I shall only drive to the toy-shop and back."

She pressed a loving kiss upon the sweet face raised for the caress, and left the room.

A few words of explanation here will make clear the conversation quoted above, and tell the reason why Mira Cresswell, rich, lovely and talented, was single at thirty, lonely and sad.

Mabel and Mira Cresswell, twin daughters and only children of Godfrey Cresswell, one of the leading merchants of New York, were at twenty acknowledged belles in their own circle of society, and brighter, happier fate never seemed offered to girlhood than theirs. Their mother had been dead many years, but their father's sister, Ellen Cresswell, had so faithfully filled her place, that the twins never felt the loss of mother love or mother care.

During their first season in society, for the first time in their short, happy lives, the sisters wakened to the knowledge that there was another love even more absorbing than that they felt for each other.

Mira became the botrothed bride of her father's junior partner, George Sewell, and her family approved heartily of her choice. But Mabel gave her heart to a man in every way unworthy of the gift. A man handsome, talented, and brilliant, but wholly unprincipled—one of whom society more than whispered disgraceful tales, yet tolerated for the sake of his old family name and position.

Gordon Blanchard was so far pardonable, that he lost his parents at an early age, had had the control of ample means, and been free from all restraint since boyhood.

Mr. Cresswell, alarmed for the happiness of his child, opposed her choice as soon as he became aware of her attachment, forbidding all intercourse between the lovers, and using his paternal authority with rather injudicious strictness. The daughter, who had lived in an atmosphere of love and sunshine from infancy, resented the unusual severity, and, yielding to the solicitation of her lover, eloped from her father's house.

Before Mira had recovered from the bitter grief of this first violation of sisterly love and confidence, she was [illegible] upon to mourn the death of George Sewell, after a short sudden illness.

The girls' [illegible] broke under the accumulation of [illegible], and by the advice of his physician, her father determined to retire from business, and travel in Europe. His [illegible] ter and sister, with Mira, composed the party, and they sailed from New York the Fall following Mabel's elopement. For six years the father forbade the name of his erring child being spoken in his presence, but he became ill in Florence, and upon his deathbed he forgave her, giving Mira his dying words of blessing to cherish in her heart until she met her sister. Yet, his will, drawn up in New York before he sailed, left his fortune entirely to Mira.

It was the girl's earnest desire to return to her own home after her father's death, but her uncle Harry, who was also her guardian, was ailing, and fancied the air of Italy or France was necessary to his life.

So, for three more weary years, the travelers lingered abroad, till Harry Cresswell, too, died in Italy, and was buried beside his brother. But by his will, Mabel, could she be found, was left equal heiress with her sister of his handsome property, his own sister Ellen being already independent.

The first grief being over, the two women felt return the weary homesickness they had conquered for the sake of those who were gone, and returned to New York.

As soon as they were settled in their old home, Mira instructed her lawyer to spare no money or time to find her sister; but her efforts were unavailing up to the time when she is introduced to the reader, a little more than six months having passed since her return to New York.

As she drove toward her destination, Mira Cresswell prayed silently, as she had so often prayed, that, before another New Year dawned upon her lonely life, God would restore to her the sister whose loss she mourned more than that of uncle father, or lover.

Her dead were, she trusted, safe in the eternal home of Christians; but her sister, living, yet lost, was perhaps suffering want when plenty was her own by right—was lonely when love awaited her.

With sad thoughts for company, Mira entered the toy-shop, crowded with purchasers, and as her foot passed the threshold, a weight seemed to fall from her heart and limbs. She was dazzled by the light, she was bewildered by the strange unexplained happiness that seemed pouring into her heart.

Unconsciously she spoke the thought that filled her brain and heart, and many in that gay crowd turned, as the sweet, clear voice spoke one word, "Mabel!"—turned to see a shabbily dressed woman, at the counter, devoted to cheap toys, drop her trifling purchase, and fix her eyes upon the lady wrapped in costly raiment who had spoken.

Even in the contrast of dress, the likeness between the two could not be hidden. It was as if each faced a mirror, though one face was thinner than the other. Both were pale, deadly pale, as the shabby figure, drawn by the power of the other's dilated eyes, slowly crossed the store, never seeing anything of the wondering group, and found herself in a carriage, with Mira sobbing and caressing her.

"Mabel, Mabel, Mabel!"

That was all Mira could say, feeling her sister's kisses on her lips, her sister's tears on her face. But after a moment of deep, intense happiness, she was recalled to this world again by the coachman demanding the next destination.

"Drive slowly forward till I pull the check-string."

Bang went the door, and the horses took up a walk.

"Darling," said Mira, can it be true? Are you really here—here in my arms."

"But, Mira, I thought you were in Europe?"

"We were until June. We came home then, to find you. Tell me of yourself. I am so hungry for news of you, Mabel."

"No more so than I have been for tidings of you, Mira. My own story is soon told. I am widowed and very poor, with two little girls at home, half fed, and half clothed."

"Where is your home?" asked Mira, and shuddered as her sister named the poor locality.

Again the coachman received directions, and as he drove, Mira told her sister of her father's forgiveness, and her uncle's legacy, receiving in return the story of a wretched marriage, of children born only to die, excepting the two little girls of eight and six still living, of the gradual descent into poverty, of illness and unkindness, till death left her free from actual abuse, to fight the widow's battle against the world.

"We were in Cincinnati from the time of our marriage, Mira, and Gordon died there, two years ago. I tried to make money to come home, wearying, for you, hoping for some words of pardon; but it was not until last June I came here, I went to the house, and found a family there who said the house had been rented to various parties for ten years, and was then about to be taken by a Mr. Morrison."

"My lawyer—you know papa's old lawyer is dead, and Mr. Morrison acts for me. He was preparing for our return, when he gave the family you saw notice to vacate the premises."

"I never returned there. Indeed, I have had my hands filled, to earn bread. This is the reason I have not seen the advertisements you have had published. But, here we are at the only home I have known since my return."

But for the brightness the future promised, Mira felt as if her heart must have broken, as, after ascending three long flights of rickety stairs, the sisters stood in the dismal attic of the wretched tenement house. In a small open grate were the embers of a scant fire, and the miserable furniture seemed as if actually falling to pieces. Upon the low bed, where their poor garments eked out the scanty covering, were two children, whose fair faces and brown curls were miniature copies of the faces bending over them. Even by the light of the miserable tallow candle, those faces looked beautiful.

Upon the bed-post hung two tiny stockings, and Mabel's tears rose as she whispered:

"I have just two dollars in the world, Mira, and I had told the children I was afraid Santa Claus would not come here to-night. They have never been without some toy, however poor, and, Mira, the older one, as she said her prayers, added a little petition to the saint of Christmas. When she rose from her knees, she told me, with such perfect faith, that Santa Claus would surely come now, that I could not bear to picture her disappointment. I resolved to take a trifle from my money to buy a few cheap toys, a little candy and fruit, and trust to Providence for the future. Kissing my little ones, I stole out, leaving them asleep, unconscious for the hour, at least, of cold and hunger."

"Oh, Mabel! Thank God for the child's prayer."

"To think that in answer I found you—found a home, wealth, and Christmas happiness! Mira, my heart is too full!"

There was a moment of deep silence, and then Mira spoke, with a look of merry mischief in her eyes, that they had not worn for years!

"Mabel, let me take the children home, asleep, just as they are. Wrap the cavers round them, and we will carry them down-stairs. There are plenty of warm robes in the carriage. Do, do let me carry out a little surprise I have in my mind for the waking of the dear girls."

"Just as you wish."

A rapid drive home to greet Aunt Ellen's delighted surprise, to put the little ones, still sleeping, in bed, and wrap Mabel in warm, handsome garments, and then there was a shopping expedition through the busy, crowded stores, that threatened to overflow the carriage.

Little garments of daintiest make treasures of books, games, and toys' tempting packages of fruit and sweetmeats, and wonderful machinery of all sorts for Mira's suprise.

It was past midnight when the sisters stole from the room where the children lay sleeping, to share once more the room they had occupied in girlhood. Day was just breaking when they crept in softly again for final preparations, and then hid themselves in a large closet to watch the waking.

Christmas morning broke bright and clear, and the sun, peeping through the curtains, lighted one room, that was in strong contrast with the attic room where Mabel's children had dropped into childhood's deep sleep. A carpet of soft texture, covered with bright boquets of flowers, was on the floor; handsome furniture was tastefully arranged, and a little crib, of somewhat old-fashioned shape, with warm covers, held two little figures curled cosily under the softest of blankets, while two brown heads rested lovingly together upon the pillows. Grateful warmth filled the room, and every appointment was perfect. But the crowning glory stood directly opposite the crib, where the little sleepers must see it as soon as their eyes opened.

It was a tall Christmas tree, standing upon a large table, and surely Santa Claus, in his most generous mood, had never dressed one with more marvelous fruit. The small white stockings, hanging from one branch were well filled, and from every bough were suspended rare Christmas treasures, such as children love. Dolls, dressed in the latest fashions, were there, and for the use of their ladyships, furniture, carriages, and complete wardrobes. Tea-sets, in dainty boxes, were there; games, in variety; books, filled with the most wonderful of fairy romances; sets of exquisite pictures, in pretty envelopes; varieties of candies, fruit, and dainties of every kind. And over all hung the brilliance of the rising sun touching every object with warm golden light.

Suddenly, as children often waken from deepest sleep, one curly, brown head was lifted from the pillow, and a pair of great blue eyes opened wide, in delighted surprise.

"That is Mira, your namesake," Mabel whispered low, in the closet.

Great gasping sobs of perfect happiness held the child silent a moment, then the joy became too great for solitary pleasure.

"May! May!" she cried, the sweet voice rippling with delight—"oh, May, wake up! Santa Claus came! I told mamma he would come. May, wake up!"

Two brown heads were upraised now, two pairs of blue eyes shining with pleasure, roving from the tree to the wonderful room, the furniture, the mirrors, the little bed, and ever back again to the marvelous display of toys and treasures.

"Oh, May, it is like heaven! How warm I am; and see our nightgowns, all ruffled, and with lace on them! And, oh, May! see the lovely blue dresses on that chair, and bronze boots! They must be for us, for they will surely fit us."

But May's eyes were drooping a little, in the midst of all this happiness. She missed something, dearer than all.

"But I want mamma!" she said in a grieved tone. "Did Santa Claus take away mamma?"

The closet-door opened, and the two ladies stepped out, dressed so nearly alike, and resembling each other so much, that May shouted:

"Two mammas!"

"One mamma and one auntie, darlings!" said Mabel, kissing the wondering little faces.

"Has Santa Claus been to see you too?" asked Mira, the second, noting the unwonted happiness of her mother's face, and the handsome Cashmere wrapper she wore.

"Yes, darling!" her aunt answered; "Santa Claus has brought mamma home."

"Is this beautiful room to be ours?"

"Yes; and when you lie down in your crib, you can think that it is the same one where mamma and auntie slept when they were little girls. But are you not ready for breakfast? Don't you want to be dressed, and see the toys on your tree?"

"Oh!" cried Mira, as the door opened, "here is a fairy godmother coming!"

There was a merry laugh then, for Aunt Ellen was so small and pretty, that this was not a new name for her.

"I could not wait longer to see your children, Mabel," she said—"our second Mira and Mabel!"

It was a day the reunited family can never forget. The children, young ladies now, thinking of society and accomplishments, have passed many happy anniversaries, but never one quite so startling and bright as the one when "Santa Claus brought mamma home."

Wisdom in Brief.

An exchange gives the following sensible hints for 1875, which we commend to the consideration of all concerned: "It is better to live in a little, mean, two story frame house, than in a jail; it is a good thing, when you are talking of another man's defalcation, to make sure that you could have handled as much money, with like opportunities for dishonesty, and not fallen before temptation. It doesn't pay to worry over what will happen to your wife if you were taken away; she may get a better husband; if you are wondering what makes your former schoolmate's hair so gray, or make such a one so wrinkled, or why such another one is growing so stout, just take a look in the glass. Do not imagine, because you have resolved to practice charity and to speak well of everybody, that everybody has made the same resolution regarding you. If you are heartsick with regret that you were not more tender and thoughtful towards the dear ones you have lost, just try to avoid further repentance in the future by being good to those still left to you. Don't put off enjoyment. If you are not ready to enjoy things as they come, when you are ready they won't come. Planning to enjoy friends and fortune in the future is a most insecure investment. The chances are woefully few that you, your friends and the fortune will all come together in the future. If you have any good deeds to do, or happiness to enjoy, to-day is the time. It is only when we are arguing ourselves into the committing of some act where we believe the end will justify the means, that it pays to wait till to-morrow. In such a case one cannot wait too many to-morrows."

Knife and Fork Flirtations.

To drop your knife means: "I am badly bored."

To eat with your knife means: "I am not posted."

To drop your fork means: I am desperately in love."

To wipe your knife on the table-cloth means: "All right."

To stir your coffee with a fork means: "How sweet you are."

To eat your soup with a fork means: "You are very beautiful."

To whet your knife on your fork means: "You see I am sharp."

To cut your mouth with a knife means: "I am very impatient."

To pick your teeth with a fork means: "I am the pick of the lot."

To wipe your nose on a napkin means: "I am making a fool of myself."

To drum on your plate with your knife and fork means: I am almost crazy."

To scratch your head with a fork means: I itch for an acquaintance with you."

To dip your own knife into the butter means: "I am not very particular you see."

To let your knife slip and knock the gravy out of your plate means: "I am exceedingly happy to be here."

To draw the knife half way down your throat means: "I am enjoying myself very well, I thank you."

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—James Knox of Knoxville, Ill. has given $10,000 for a Swedish college in that city.

—The aggregate shrinkage of mining stocks on the Pacific coast is estimated at $70,000,000.

—Gen. F. E. Spinner—he of the meandering autograph—ran ahead of his ticket in New York.

—Alexander H. Stephens now weighs two more pounds than he did. He weighs only about 100 all told.

—A Kentuckian thinks he has attained the height of human happiness in the possession of a wife 8 feet 3 inches tall.

—Political success is not without its penalties. A Pennsylvania Senator elect had to kiss 1,639 babies during the recent canvas.

—The Titusville *Courier* thinks the daily production of petroleum this year will fall at least 9,000 barres below that of last year.

—The wife of a Des Moines editor has run away with a beautiful Chicago hatter. So much for the vaunted influence of the press.

—The *Gazette*, a Kansas paper, has been sued for libel by the office devil, who says that $20,000 won't make his character shine as it did before.

—A Cincinnati merchant has a pair of shoes made in 1776, during the times that tried men's souls, and he proposes to exhibit them at the Centennial.

—Dr. Lindeman estimates the probable yield of the gold and silver mines of this country for 1876 to be $100,000,000 about twice the average yield since 1849.

—It is estimated that the Government will recover $1,500,000 of the amount of loss involved in the St. Louis Whisky frauds. This is about one-half of the total loss.

—There is a bullfrog farm in Southeastern Wisconsin, 30 acres of swamp fenced in, and the proprietor sends thousands of these featherless birds to New York.

—At the annual hunt of the Nebraska City Sportsmen club, held recently, there were 1,135 animals slaughtered, consisting of ducks, hares, quail, snipe, plover, etc.

—Maggie Davis, daughter of the ex-President of the confederate states, is, it is reported, about to marry A. J. Hayes, Jr., cashier of the National Bank of Memphis.

—A sea turtle captured on the Maryland coast recently, measured 10 feet in length and 8 feet from tip to tip of fins. It took 12 men with 3 sets of halyards to haul him ashore.

—Auburn, N. Y., claims more bachelors and old maids than any other place of its size in the country. But then, you know Auburn has a well-populated state's prison.

—General Meredith, who died lately in Indiana, was six feet seven inches high, and President Lincoln used to say that the General was one of the few men he looked up to.

—The Palmetto Guard, of Charleston South Carolina, has determined to celebrate the centennial of the battle of by erecting a $12,000 monument.

—The bones of over 4,000 Chinamen have been gathered together at Sacramento, Cal., from all parts of the state, preparatory to their being forwarded to China, in a few days, by a clipper ship.

—Sixteen beds of cannel coal, aggregating 400 feet in thickness, the largest being seventy feet thick, and fully equal to the English article, have just been discovered in Uintah, Wyoming.

—A black duck flew against the lighthouse at Sankaty, Nantucket, the other day, with such force as to break in a large plate glass window almost half an inch thick, killing itself instantly.

—A new base-ball organization for the season of 1876 has been perfected in St. Paul under the name of the Gopher club. They expect to gopher everything in their class in the state and visitors from outside regions.

—The old bell which called together the Virginia Convention of 1775, in Richmond, when Patrick Henry uttered his stirring sentence, "Give me liberty or give me death," is still in use in Martinsville, in that State.

—The annual production of leather gloves in France is estimated at about 2,500,000 dozen of pairs of first second and third sorts, the average price being thirty-five francs per dozen. There are 90,000 persons employed in this industry.

—A colored woman of Lairtonville, Ga., lately died at the advanced age of 112 years. She was supposed to have been the oldest person in that State. She was born on Roanoke Island, and was twenty years old when the war of 1776 commenced.

—Deserves success. A new steamship company is organizing in New York which will not ask Congress for any aid whatever. The steamers are to ply between New York, St. Thomas and Venezuela, and are to depend wholly upon the legitimate profits of commerce for support.

—A Wyoming paper prints a statement to the effect that a Mexican mustang fell down a shaft, a distance of eighty feet, and was rescued without a bruise. The succeeding paragraph very properly consists of a denunciation of liars, especially those of the newspaper fraternity.

—The California Pacific railroad people are pushing their end of the Southern Pacific with great vigor, and promise to have railroad communication between San Francisco and Los Angeles, next summer. This will open the delightful climate and tropical fruits of southern California to easy access.

—St. Louis has just figured up its hog packing for this year, and finds that between March 1 and October 31, the number packed was 102,124 averaging 220 lbs. each, against 159,962,209 lbs. last year. The product of these hogs, together with 43,000 head slaughtered by butchers, was 16,495,540 pounds of cut meats and 3,619,862 pounds of lard.

—One of the bronze medals presented by Congress to the heroes of the battle of Lake Erie is in possession of a gentleman of Toledo, Ohio. On one side is a likeness of Commodore Perry in naval uniform, and on the reverse is a representation of the fleet in the line of battle, engaging the enemy. The owner intends to loan the medal to the Centennial Exposition.

—A farmer in Seymour, Ind., while examining his corn-crib the other day, came across a small jug whose mouth was stopped by the body of a rat which had tried to get in but had stuck fast. On breaking the jug, he found four other rats inside, all alive. The latter had evidently crawled in, eaten till their sides were stuffed out, and found it impossible to crawl out again.

—Duncan Campbell who has undertaken to walk from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, at the end of four months has reached Rock Springs, Wyoming Territory. He intends leaving San Francisco on the 1st of February with a wheelbarrow to carry his blankets and cooking apparatus, and will accomplish the return journey in 190 days. What else he will accomplish would puzzle even Sergeant Bates to tell.

A Touching Scene.

The Richmond *Enquirer* says that as soon as the funeral services, prepared by an Episcopal clergyman, at the grave of Colonel Thomas Jefferson Randolph, were concluded, and before the grave was filled up, a veteran negro stepped forward and asked if there was any objection to a service by his people. He was told by the clergyman that such a tribute would be acceptable to the family, and then a scene that should go down in history was enacted. Quietly Mr. Randolph's former slaves assembled around him, and then swelled up from a hundred negro voices the most pathetic of hymns—

Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?

A gentleman who was present says that in his whole life, extending over seventy years, he never witnessed anything so solemn. When the last notes died away among the oaks of Monticello there was not a dry eye in the vast assemblage.

A SHANGHAI, eating corn, takes a peck every time.

THE CENTRE REPORTER,

FRED. KURTZ..........................Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., Dec. 23, 1875.

TERMS.—$2 per year, in advance, 2,50 when not paid in advance.
Advertisements 20c per line for three insertions, and for 6 and 12 months by special contract.

A merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Gen. M'Donald, now in prison for having a hand in the western whiskey frauds, has made a confession, in which he lets out that much of the stolen revenue was used for radical campaign expenses.

Grant's chief clerk in the Treasury department, was found guilty as a member of the thieving St. Louis whiskey ring. Gen. M'Donald another of Grant's pets also found guilty, and at Grant's own desk, his private secretary Babcock, has been indicted by the U. S. Grandjury. Who will now be Grant's whiskey Babcockolorum?

Conflicting rumors are afloat as to who will be chairman of the various committees of the house. It is believed that Wood will head the ways and means, and Randall appropriations. For banks and currency, Hon. L. A. Mackey, of this district, is mainly urged by members conversant with his ability and fitness for the position. Versed in all the intricate questions of finance and currency; for twenty years president of a bank, which has successsfully withstood all the financial shocks and panics of that period, his selection would be a credit to Pennsylvania and insure a steady and tried hand at the financial wheel.

The first result of Mr. Henderson's dismissal is now seen in the postponement of the St. Louis whiskey trials until next month, owing to the press of the new appointee's private business and his lack of familiarity with the line of prosecution.

Bishop Haven is catching it all around. Two or three of the Methodist organs take occasion this week, to warn him that he cannot speak for his denomination, and that if he is going to run the politics of the nation it will take rather more time than he can well spare from his religious duties.

The Democratic members of the House showed their good sense in voting down in caucus, by a large majority, a proposition for a committee to take charge of the business of the House. The country has had altogether too much of caucus rule, which has, in late years, almost wholly destroyed the independence of Congress, and has been responsible for a terrible amount of mischievous legislation.

The Williamsport Gaz. & Bulletin dont favor Grant's third-term propensities, and thinks also he made a mistake in removing Gen. Henderson. The Bulletin is a radical paper, but we must give it credit for taking the right view of things occasionally.

The World prospectus will be found in another column. The World is one of the leading papers published. It is acknowledged to have the ablest writers in America upon its staff, who discuss the topics of the times in a stateman-like manner. The World is besides the leading democratic organ. Its news department is full and complete.

And the Bellefonte Republican, of last week, let's drop one honest suspicion. It doubts Grant's motives in having Henderson, the prosecutor of the St. Louis whiskey thieves, removed. Grant evidently feels that the "tracks are getting to frash."

Congress, the President and his Cabinet, and representatives of the press, were at Philadelphia on Friday, guests of the city, to take a look at the centennial grounds and buildings. The centennial board only ask for an appropriation of 1½ millions. What effect the excursion and free dinners wines, cigars &c., will have upon our grave lawmakers at Washington will soon be seen.

The legislature of this state will meet, first Tuesday of January. A delicate question has been raised whether it is a new legislature, or an adjourned annual session. Some contending for the one some for the other. If it is a new legislature, all unfinished legislation of last winter, commences *de novo*, and a new speaker and other officers will have to be made. If an adjourned session, business commences where it let off at the last adjournment, and the house stands organized same as last winter. The senate seems to hold that it meets as a new legislature.

The Pittsburg Weekly Post, will be found a first class democratic family paper—large and containing all the news of the day, with able and spicy articles upon political and other topics. The Daily Post is a live sheet, and gives all the telegraphic news, its editorial columns are conducted with first class ability. It is a sound democratic organ, fresh and vigorous in its style, and second to no other democratic daily in the state See prospectus in another column.

The friends of Fitz John Porter say they have reasons for believing that the executive authority will take no action on the request of General Porter for a review of his case, he having been dismissed from the army and excluded from holding any federal office of profit or emolument in accordance with the sentence of the court martial.

The fools are not all dead yet though the intelligence below indicates that there are two less. "My kingdom for an orse," might be translated: My life for a penny.

A special dispatch to the Courier-Journal from Owensboro, Kentucky, says: A shooting affray occurred there at five o'clock to-day between Geo. W. Murphy and a butcher namen William McAleer. Four shots were fired, three by McAleer's last shot struck Murphy. above the eye, killing him instantly. Murphy's shot struck McAleer in the left breast, near the nipple, causing death in about ten minutes. The cause of the difficulty was a dispute about a claim by McAleer of a debt of two dollars. Murphy had caused the arrest of McAleer about one month since. In return McAleer published Murphy as a dead beat.

Charles Weston, one of the three negroes to be hanged in New York on the 17th, was married to Catherine Guy, a white woman, on Thursday 2nd. The ceremony was performed in his cell, and the burglar Dolan, who has been convicted of the killing of Mr. Noe, stood up with him. The bride being a Catholic, Weston consented to be baptized and married by a regularly ordained priest.

WHAT HENDERSON SAID.

[St. Louis Times.]

As it is quite probable that General Henderson will be obliged to withdraw from the service of the government in the prosecution of the indicted members of the whiskey ring, because of his persistency in bringing about the indictment of Babcock, but ostensibly for having slandered the President, it is interesting to know what he really did say and wherein his offence consists. We accordingly have copied from the Times' report of his speech in the Avery trial all of his allusions to the President.

"This conspiracy could never have existed long without having power at Washington, for the Commissioner would have sent spies and agents and in an evil hour the ring would have been caught."

* * * * * * * * *

"What business had Babcock to interfere with the duty of Douglass. None."

"What right has the President to interfere with the duties of the secretary of the treasury? None."

"What right had he to interfere with the duties of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue? None and Mr. Douglass displayed lamentable weakness in listening to the interference of the President, of Babcock or any other man."

"This stupendous fraud could not have been committed in England or France and that is the advantage a monarchical government has over ours."

"Babcock urged the President and McDonald urged him and soon Douglass telegraphs Joyce the order is suspended. Why does this man Douglass bend the supple hinges of his knee and yield to the President's interference or that of his private Secretary? It was his duty, assumed under the most solemn oath to carry out that order or resign his position. Would to God he had more of that sterner stuff that formerly animated Federal office holders."

"But Douglass yielded to the power of Babcock and the President's interference. He was honest I believe, but he was poor, and he felt that his position depended upon his obeying the behests of those who had no right to interfere wish his duties."

These were bold words and offensive, as one might well expect they would be to our Imperial Cæsar.

MORE DISCLOSURES.

GOVERNMENT OFFICERS AS DEEP IN THE MIRE AS DISTILLERS.

The Indiana Whiskey Cases.

Its not all over yet with Grant's pet friends. Lightning has struck in Indiana. Wonder how it is in Pennsylvania, even at home here in Centre county, with Grant's gougers and storekeepers, hope they are all right. An Indianapolis despatch of 13 says:

The entire morning session of the court was occupied in hearing the evidence of John W. Bingham, whose appearance on the witness stand was the signal for some interesting revelations regarding persons and matters directly connected with an Indiana whisky ring, of which he was the leading spirit and prime mover. With reference to Mr. Hill, witness observed that he had known Hill as a revenue officer for two years, and had told Lewis and others of his employees not to fear the defendant in the capacity of a government official as he was "all right." Witness paid the defendant regularly on the first of every month for not peaching on him, and his average assessment for keeping the government officials "mum" was $2,000 per week. These bribes were given to Hill at Bingham's office in Evansville.

Mr. Bingham also relatad in detail the circumstance of his having given Simon L. Powell, revenue supervisor, a gold watch and chain on the occasion of the latter's visiting Louisville. He said that when he presented the watch and chain he did it for a purpose, knowing the official character of Powell, and that such a gift might benefit him sometime.

Bingham stated that he had received occasional letters with reference to whisky irregularities but could not produce any of them. He also observed that about one-third of the whisky he manufactured was crooked and even then he lost so heavily as to necessitate the shutting down of the St. Louis distillery.

Hiram Brownlee was given $500 by the witness on the occasion of his attending the marriage of Henry Veatch at Evansville.

With reference to Charles E. Marsh, railroad agent, debating a whole day as to whether he would accept the bribe for making false entries of whisky shipped, the witness said Marsh did not hesitate thirty seconds.

General Veatch was then recalled and examined at considerable length.

Philip Givins testified to the shipment of a number of barrels of whiskey from Patoka without tramps, and when the matter was reported. Hill said he could not make a case out of it.

With the latter witnesses the evidence for the prosecution closed, and the evidence for the defence commenced. General Veatch, James H. McNeely, formerly post-master at Evansville and several gentlemen from Evansville and Rockport were examined, and testified to the good character of the defendant before his indictment.

GENERAL HENDERSON'S DEFENSE.

St. Louis, December 10.—The following is the full text of a telegram sent to the Attorney-General last night by General Henderson. It was in reply to one from the Attorney-General stating that if the information received in Washingston relating to Henderson's speech was true, then his (Henderson's) services would be no longer required in connection with the prosecution of the whiskey cases here:

St. Louis, Mo., December 9.

Hon. Edwards Pierrepont, Attorney-General:

I have seen your last despatch to Colonel Dyer. My speech in the Avery case was extemporaneous. Mr. Eaton mailed you on Tuesday a sworn copy from the stenographer of so much as he thought related to the President. I did not see it, but I stand by the speech as made. I said nothing beyond what my sworn duty required, and for that I have no apology to make.

(Signed) J. B. HENDERSON.

Other despatches to and from Dyer and Pierrepont and Henderson and Pierrepont are made public, but in view of the developments of to-day telegraphed from Washington to-night, they are of little significance.

The democrats in Congress have placed themselves right upon the subject of economy and also made the opposition show their status on the third term question by the passage of the two resolutions below on 16.

Mr. Holland offered the following resolution.

Resolved, That, in the judgment of this House, in the present condition of financial affairs of the Government, no subsidies in money, bonds, public lands, endorsements or by pledge of public credit should be granted by Congress to associations or cor[illegible] proposing to engage in [illegible] engaged, or enterprises and that all appr[illegible] private [illegible]tions from the public Treasury ought [illegible] limited at this time to such amounts only as shall be imperatively demanded by the public service.

The resolution was adopted by a vote of—Yeas, 223; nays, 33.

Mr Springer (Ills) offered the following resolution and moved the previous question on its adoption.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this House, the precedent established by Washington and other Presidents of the United States in retiring from the Presidential office after their second ter[illegible] a part become by universal concur[illegible] government of our Republican syste[illegible] from this time- and that any depart[illegible] [illegible]ould be unwise, unhonored custo[illegible] fraught with peril to our patriotic a[illegible] free in[illegible]tions.

[illegible] previous question was seconded and the resolution was adopted by a vote of yeas, 232; nays 18.

The Nays are the following:

Nays—Messrs. Bradley, Denison, Haralson, Hogs, Hubbell, Hyman, Lynch MacDougall, Nash, Page, Plaisted, Pratt, Smalls, Wallace (S. C.) Walls, Wells, (Miss), White and Whiting—18.

MOVEMENTS OF GRANGERS.

Concerning the centennial encampment near Philadelphia the Farmer's Friend says: The chairman of this committee reports to us that a plot of ground has been secured at Elm station on the main line of the Pennsylvania railroad, within six miles of the business portion of the city of Philadelphia, and less than three miles from the centennial grounds.

The tract covers over forty acres with improvements such as a mansion house containing seventeen rooms, a large barn a tenant house with four rooms, besides ample shade an abundance of good water. The price agreed upon is about $2,000. The lease has been made with two parties who are bound in article of agreement not to lease any remaining portion of their farms to other parties for the sale of liquors, refreshments, or for any purposes whatever. The committee have already obtained possession and the lease will not expire until April, 1877.

It will be seen from this that the board of managers intend to push this business vigorously, and it is to be hoped that they will be encouraged by subscription to the stock to such an extent as to guarantee the success of the enterprise. Only about one-fifth of the necessary amount has been subscribed.

THE CHICAGO BRANCH OF THE THIRD TERM WHISKEY RING.

A dispatch dated Washington 13 indicates more trouble for Grant's third term crooked whiskey pets. The dispatch says:

Ex-Congressman Farnsworth, of Illinoise, has been in this city for the last two or three days, and the object of his visit is said to be in relation to the Chicago Whiskey Ring. It seems that he is in possession of a large amount of information on the subject, and that the developments he is prepared to make will inculpate a large number of Federal and State officials. The name of Senator Logan is mentioned in connection with the frauds in that State, also that of Mr. Campbell, the father-in-law of General Babcock. It is the general belief here that the whole system in every section of the country is as rotten as it can be, and one of the first acts of the House will undoubtedly be an investigation into the workings of the ring. A large portion of the money thus stolen from the Treasury has gone into the pockets of individuals, but hundreds of thousands of dollars obtained in this way have been used to carry elections, State and national.

Says the World: The serene irrelevancy of President Grant's curious recommendation to Congress to amuse itself with considering the question of Church taxation over which it has no more power of action than the Sanhedrim of Jerusalem, is only equalled by its beautiful impartiality. President Grant is understood to be a Methodist, and the impression gains color from the fact that a Methodist Bishop, Haven by name, has just induced two hundred Methodist ministers at Boston to join him in offering President Grant a renomination for a third term. It would be very unjust, however, to infer from this that President Grant's desire to see all Church property taxed "except churches," is dictated by a desire to punish the Pope for being a Roman Catholic and the Roman Catholics for having a Pope. The truth is that the new burdens the President seeks to impose on religious bodies in this country would fall with most force upon his own friends, the Methodists having some $10,000,000 more of property to be mulcted than any other denomination. The census of 1870, as cited in a sensible article from the Boston Daily Advertiser elsewhere quoted, gives the Methodist church property exempt from taxation as $69,854,121, against $60,985,556, held by the Roman Catholics and $53,265,256 held by the Presbyterians. It would be sad if the exhibition of these facts should induce Bishop Haven and his two hundred followers to reconsider their renomination; but at least they put the President's superiority to mere sectarian zeal in a pleasing light.

THE GREAT CONSPIRACY.

BLOCKING THE WHEELS OF JUSTICE.

St. Louis, December 10.—Public interest in the great whisky conspiracy reached a climax to-day when the announcement was made that at a Cabinet meeting Attorney General Pierrepont had been instructed to have special counsel Henderson instantly dismissed. The whisky men are jubilant, as they have reason to be, since in the removal of Mr. Henderson, who has been familiar with the details of the ring for months, their chances of escape are greatly increased. No new man can take up the complicated threads of evidence so as to become so dangerous a prosecutor. Under the circumstances, it is not too much to say that the removal is considered a high-handed and arbitrary exercise of power, which if not in the interest of the whisky ring, amounts in its result to the same thing. Mr. Henderson was United States Senator at the time of the trial of Andrew Johnson, and was one of the seven Republicans who voted for acquittal.

CUBAN SUCCESSES.

THE INSURGENTS CAPTURE AND BURN THE TOWN OF JAQUERY GRANDE.

Havana, December 15, via Key West, December 18.—On the 10th instant the insurgents, commanded by Gonzalez, burned the town of Jaquey Grande and the Estate Rosario. On the 12th they stopped near Palmyra, about a mile from Valmaseda's camp, a train of seventeen cars loaded with provisions and ammunition, to which they helped themselves, and fired the train:

☞ Come to the Ladie's Fair, at Centre Hall, Friday and Saturday, 24 and 25, day and evening.

For the Reporter.

CHRISTMAS.

A Description of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Author of Universal Joy.

[illegible] us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government was upon his shoulder, and his name sh[illegible] Mighty called Wonderful Counselor, the Prince God, the Everlasting Fath[illegible] government of Peace. Of increas[illegible] on the throne of there shall be no [illegible] kingdom to order it, David, and [illegible] it with judgment, and and to [illegible], from henceforth even forev- with The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this. The prophet says unto us, the angel said unto you, Fear not, for, behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord; Lk. 2: 10. 11. The text may be considered under two divisions:

1. CHRIST IN HIS HUMILIATION. 2. CHRIST IN HIS EXALTATION.

Notice,

1. *Christ's Humiliation.* The Mighty God is the child born; the everlasting Father is the Son given. This was great condescension. God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life, John, 3: 16. God commendeth his love toward us, that, while we were sinners Christ died for us, Rom. 5:8. For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich, 2. Cor. 8:9. This child was born for the benefit of us men, of us sinners—not for the benefit of angels and devils. This doctrine is the foundation of all our hopes, and the foundation of all our joys, in times of greatest grief and fear.

2. *His Exaltation.* This Child, Son Son of God, Son of man, was given to us for our benefit. All the children born since the creation, could not have helped us, if all the angels of God had laid down their lives, it would not have availed for our salvation. But this princely child whose dominion and throne is above every throne, whose government is upon his shoulder, destroyed the kingdom of Satan and reigns in the hearts of his people by his spirit. Surely the power of God must have been upon this divine child. No wonder His Kingdom increases,—that Kingdom which consists in Righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. But let us dwell for a few moments on His Princely Titles.

1. He is called the Wonderful. Wonderful in his Incarnation; God manifest in the flesh, 1 Tim. 3:16. Wonderful in his Temptation, Math. 4:1,12. Wonderful in his poverty, Math. 8:20. Wonderful in all the sorrows of his life. Wonderful in His agony in the Garden. Wonderful in all the agonies of the cross. Wonderful in His Resurrection, ascension to Heaven and his Intercession at God's right hand. Wonderful in all His ways, e. g., the last shall be first and the first shall be last—those who would be exalted must humble themselves, those who would be strong, must first become weak, etc.

2. *The Counselor.* Some commentators say, the Wonderful Counselor. In all our trials He gives us counsel and understanding, that we may know how to demean ourselves. And we often need a competent counselor, for we are often called, not only to go through great but strange trials.

3. *The Mighty God.* The God of the Hebrews. Counsel without power is mere talk—idle words. But men can often counsel, when they cannot help us. In trials, counsel is not sufficient, he must have assistance. Christ can not only counsel but He can aid and assist also. He can aid us in overcoming our love of sin. He can assist us in the performance of duty. He can preserve us in temptation. He can support us in sufferings and comfort us, even in death. Hence Paul: Thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, 2 Cor. 2:14.

4. *The Everlasting Father.* The Father of eternity, the Father of the great work of Redemption. He will never die. The Eternal Friend forever lives. He will always feel towards you as a father, Ps. 27: 10. A father provides for his children—guards them and gives them an inheritance, etc., and this is emphatically true of our Heavenly Father.

5. *He is the Prince of Peace.* He preserves, commands and creates peace. He is our Peace. He is not only a peacable and He is the Author and Giver of all that peace which is the present and future bliss of his subjects—that Peace which passeth all understanding.

Observations.

1. Of the increase of His goverment there shall be no end. The kingdoms of this world do not always increase. The Chaldean Monarchy, the Babylonish Monarchy, the Grecian Monarchy and the Roman Monarchy, have all passed away; but Christ's Kingdom still stands and increases. It will always grow. Christians will always increase in numbers and grow in grace, increase wonderfully in spite of the world, Hell and the Devil. Rome and Jerusalem both opposed the Christ, but all in vain. Rome had to bend and Jerusalem was laid in ashes, and the Kingdom of Christ is marching on.

It is a kingdom of peace. The Kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but Righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, Rom. 14:17. It is a peacable Kingdom, agreeable to the character of the Prince. When the number of the elect shall have been completed, the increase of His Kingdom will cease, but not the peace of it. As long as Christ is our Peace, we shall have an abundance of peace, our peace shall flow as a river.

3. He shall order and settle it with justice and judgment. Everything is and shall be well managed in the Kingdom of Christ, and none of His subjects shall have cause to complain. Justice, mercy and humility will universally prevail—peace on earth and good will to men, will fill all lands.

4. God himself hath undertaken to bring all this to pass and his zeal shall do it. He is jealous of his own honor, the truth of his promise and the good of his church. and will, therefore, extend the kingdom of his Son until the kingdoms of this world shall become the Kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever. On this anniversary day let each one think of the grand and majestic character portrayed by the prophet Isaiah, and earnestly seek pardon through his blood. On this Centennial Christmas, think of Him who is our Light in darkness and our joy in tribulation.

J. T.,
Aaronsburg.

AN APPALLING DISASTER IN BELGIUM.

One Hundred and Ten Miners Killed By an Explosion.

Brussels, December 16.—A terrible explosion occurred to-day in a coal mine at Framieres near Mons. A full force of men were at work at the time and the loss of life is appalling. It is reported that 110 miners have been killed. Eleven have been taken out injured. The accident was caused by a fire damp.

The Kentucky State Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, have requested the representatives of that State in Congress to use every proper effort to secure aid for the Texas Pacific Railroad.

—Most of folks when they lose their pocket books, fall into great tribulation. Not so with the printer, when he loses his he don't care, because there's never any thing in it.

HENDERSON'S SPEECH.

THE WORDS THAT OFFENDED THE PRESIDENT.

Washington, December 14.—Your correspondent is able to give from an official source the exact text of the sworn copy of Mr. Henderson's speech which was before the President and Cabinet when they agreed unanimously that he ought [illegible] longer to be employed. The passages italicized are those which were deemed by the Attorney-General to be specially offensive and objectionable:

"What business had Babcock to go to Douglass? He is put there for what purpose?" To watch the revenues of the country, to collect them honestly and see that they are honestly paid out. That is his whole duty. What business has Babcock with it? What business has he to interfere with the discharge of those duties? None whatever sir? When an officer goes into office he ought to be free and independent. Except where the law binds "upon him," he should know no master except the law and if he knows any other our Government is tumbling down. What right has the President? He has the right to turn his officer out if he wants to and put in another, but what right has he even—though there is no evidence that he ever attempted it, I believe—what right has the President to interfere with the honest discharge of the duties of a Secretary of the Treasury? None whatever. What right has he to interfere with the discharge of the duties of Commissioner Douglass? None. The laws tell Douglass what to do. Douglass only showed a lamentable weakness of character in listening to Babcock or any other mortal man. Here is a telegram which reads:

WASHINGTON, December 5, 1875

John A. Joyce, St. Louis, Mo.:

The order directing you to report at Philadelphia to Supervisor McDonald on the 15th is suspended.

(Signed) J. W. DOUGLASS, Commissioner.

"Gentlemen, why does this man bend the supple hinges of the knee? Why does he yield to Presidential interference or to the interference of the Secretary of the honored President? It was none of their business. It belonged not to Grant; it belonged not to Babcock. It was Douglass's own business. He stood responsible. After accepting that office, and after giving his pledge by an oath to the people of the United States to faithfully demean himself in office, it was his duty to carry that order out or resign his position. I would to God we had more of the sterner stuff that formerly animated the bosoms of federal office-holders in this country. Why not leave an office when a man is unable to hold it with honor?

If I am designed you lordling's slave,
By Nature's law designed,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?

Sir, is it to continue in this country that because a man holds an office at the hands of another he is to become his slave? What have we gained by the abolition of slavery in this country of the black man if the white man is substituted for him in chains of slavery, the slavery of office? My God, if men could think of it for a moment, they had better live as private citizens in honor, in honesty and with a fair name than to have all the gold and the shining, glittering, corrupt honors of office."

The above is sworn to by James Holland, the stenographer.

MOODY'S SERMON IN PHILADELPHIA, DEC. 6.

Mr. Moody read from Matthew xx, to the 16th verse, descriptive of the householder hiring men to work in his vineyard, and Mr. Sankey before singing "Nothing but Leaves" preached a short sermon in the following words: Let us each ask ourselves if the Saviour was to look for fruit, do we bear any in our lives? Do I bear any of the precious fruits of the Spirit, or is it all withered? Answer this question this morning. After the song had been given most impressively, Mr. Moody prayed that the Lord's blessing might follow these solemn words. May we each be delivered from saying at the evening of our life we have

Nothing but Leaves

for our Lord. Help each of us so to live and to work for Thee that we may lay down golden sheaves. May the spirit of the Master come upon us. May we go out from these early Sabbath morning meetings ready to work for souls. Go with these ministers and these Sabbath-school teachers as they shall attempt to teach about the resurrection. May the Lord Jesus stand by them and many of the children be brought into the fold through the preaching of the glorious Gospel; may there be great and mighty results throughout this vast city to day. Bless the meeting for women this afternoon. Help thy child to present the truth, and in both the services to-day may there be many calling out, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," and may this be the best meeting we have had yet, and from this place may there go out a band of men and women to rescue the perishing and bring the wanderers to God.

The choir and congregation, led by Mr. Sankey, sang "Hold the Fort" with more enthusiasm and earnestness than it has yet been rendered in Philadelphia.

There is one little word in the chapter we just now read, said Mr. Moody, to which I want to draw your attention. The word "agreed." These men spoken of here evidently made a great mistake. The good man of the vineyard found their stand in the market place early in the morning and offered them work, but they were not content to go.

Until They Had Made a Bargain

with him, not content to receive whatever might be right and just. They agreed with him for a penny a day. Then the master of the vineyard went again at different hours and sent other men who were standing idle to work in his vineyard, saying, "Whatever is right I will give you." It was not the first men that made the bargain. When the time came to pay, the men who had only worked one hour got a penny, and they took it of course with great joy, and so with all the rest, no matter how long they had worked. Presently came these men who had made the bargain, and when they are offered the penny look at it and say: "There is something wrong about this. Here these men have only worked one hour and we have borne the burden and heat of the day; just as a hackman when he isn't satisfied with his fare looks at the money and then looks at you and thinks you're a pretty mean man because you don't give him what he wants. But the master of the vineyard replies: "Didn't you agree with me for a penny; didn't you make a bargain, and am I not giving you all I agreed to give?

Haven't I a Right

to do what I will with mine own? I will give unto these last even as unto thee." There are a good many people now who are just like these men, all the time making bargains with God. They will go and do certain things, if the Lord will do something for them, and then if they don't get the reward down here, they get discouraged and leave off working. We must take the good man of the house at his word, and when he looks for workers in his vineyard say, "Here am I, Lord, send me." We must be ready to become hewers of wood and drawers of water; ready to do any kind of work for the Master; not be all the time trying to make bargains. But that is not so much what I want to talk about this morning. There are two words, "peculiar" and "ready," that I want we should look at. One great reason why many people refuse to work for Christ is because they are afraid of being called peculiar. They want just enough of Christ to enable them to get along, and so they shall not be thrown out of the bosom of the church. They want to be able to take their place in society as church members. But they don't want so much of the spirit of Christ as shall make them seem peculiar to the world. How often we hear it said, "Oh, he is a very good man, but he is very peculiar." Or of some woman, "Why, she never mingles in the pleasures of the world. She is always with some sick person in one of the dark alleys of the city, or in some hospital, or trying to get hold of some rough man or some poor fallen woman. Of course she is a very good woman,—but

So Very "Peculiar."

The moment a man or woman gets into the service of God with all their heart, they are called "peculiar." I want to see the Church full of such "peculiar" people. If I knew of such a church anywhere, I think, although I am a humble sailor, just as soon as I get on the water I would sail around the world to find it. Such a church would move any city. Oh, for a church filled with peculiar people. Amen. Mr. Moody quoted a verse from the second chapter of the Epistle to Titus, and another from second Epistle to Timothy, second chapter and twenty-first verse, showing that this separation from the world and single-hearted service is what the Bible demands, and then referred to the power and influence exercised by Daniel, Abraham, Elijah and Elisha, all of them being peculiar men in the day in which they lived. "If a man purge himself," says Paul, "he shall be a vessel unto honor, sanctified and meet for the Master's use and prepared unto every good work." How many of us are ready for every good work? During the past week we have come right out in this work of seeking the conversion of them; and there have been hundreds in the inquiry rooms seeking salvation. But we found the church was not ready when the meetings began in Brooklyn. Mr. Stuart set on the platform, and when I asked him as representing Philadelphia, "Are you ready? are the ministers ready? are the churches ready? he said, "Yes." Now we find that

Philadelphia is Not Ready.

When we called for the Christians to rise the other night, and then told the two thousand five hundred Christians who were on their feet to speak to those who were sitting by them, I did not see scarcely five out of the 2,500 who were ready to speak to those who were anxious, many of them in tears. During the week there has been scarcely a man in the inquiry room with the Bible in his hands. What would you think of an army going to battle without any weapons? During the war every one held themselves in readiness for marching orders have come to the Christians of Philadelphia and they are not ready. The generals who were always on the defensive in the war were a gigantic failure. The time has come for an offensive movement. The church has been on the defensive long enough, and every child of God ought to be ready to move forward. If God calls you to speak to that man or woman, you ought to feel it a privilege to do it, instead of saying, as some have done within the last week: "I don't know what to say." We are not going to have a solid work in Philadelphia unless the Christians, both ministers and laymen,

Get to Work Right Away.

All must end in stupendous failure if the Christians are not ready to work in the inquiry-room. I would rather say something to stir up these Christians than to see a thousand people become church members while the church is as cold and lifeless as at present. I think we have got about church-members enough. We get people to join the church and that is about the last we hear of them. What we want is more men who will consecrate their time and talent's to the Lord's work, and be ready at all times, and unless we get this, the work is a failure. We may just as well look it in the face. The question is, "are you all ready?" For every man there is a work to do. Is there any work better than leading souls to the cross and showing them the way of life eternal? That is the object of these meetings. We don't want people to come here just to be amused. Hundreds come just to criticize, and when you go away some say, "Well I don't think Mr. Sankey sang quite so well as usual this evening," or "The sermon wasn't just as forcible as some we have heard." That ain't the object we have in view. Lose sight of the singing and the preaching, but hear the cry of distress and "haste to the rescue." If there is no reality in religion let us burn our Bibles and turn our back upon Christianity. But if these things are true, and men are rushing on toward perdition and judgment, ought we not to make some effort to save them? If a man is drowning, if somebody comes to me and says: "Why, Stuart has fallen into the river," should we begin to discuss calmly how he fell in, and as to the best means to be adopted in such a case? No, that is no time for discussion. Plunge into the water and save the man. Drag him out.

Save Him First and Talk Afterwards.

When we were in Scotland a wealthy merchant asked me to go to his town and speak. After the service I noticed that when the people were going into the inquiry room this man was not taking any active part. I asked him to come in and help, when he replied. "Oh, no, I can't do that," "Well," I said, "you lose the best part of the blessing, for it is in this personal contact that most good is done;" but still he said he could not do it, and just as I was going from the church to the inquiry room, we met a young man who was anxious. I turned to the merchant and said, "Here's a man, Mr. Kay, who wants to become a Christian. Won't you talk with him?" Brought thus in personal contact with an inquirer he could not longer refuse. After the meeting he came to me and said, "Mr. Moody, do you know that young man you introduced was one of my clerks? That man works for me, and he said as we were talking, 'Oh, I am so glad you spoke to me. I have often wished you would speak to me about religion.'" There was

No Trouble After That

in getting that merchant to work. In the inquiry room he brought many to Christ. Then when we went to Ireland he arranged his business so that he could spend some time in each of the great cities with us, and in Manchester, Birmingham and Liverpool this Scotchman with a Bible under his arm would come and say: "Mr. Moody, have you anything for me to do here?" Everywhere he led many souls to Christ. Ask that man whether the work in Europe was a failure. I tell you, my friends, it's the people who stand coldly as lookers on watching the work from the outside who talk about failure. Let them come into the inquiry rooms and be brought in contact with broken hearts, and they will soon leave off talking about no "good having been done." I have noticed that the people who only criticise and take no part in the work, get no blessing for their own family. May God help us to get ready to work. We have been on the defensive long enough. It is time now that we should move on the enemy's works. We want more men and women who are ready to join the Philip and Andrew society; willing to put forth personal effort to bring your friends to Christ. There is no one here too young or too old to work.

That Little Boy There

or that little girl may bring some soul to the Saviour. A little cripple was told by his pastor that lying on his bed he could pray for the conversion of his friends. After he was dead it was found he had kept a list, and out of fifty-six names on his list which he had been praying for, all but five were converted. Mr. Moody concluded with a touching story of the conversion of thirteen young ladies in a Sunday-school class at Chicago through the parting entreaty of their teacher who was leaving the city to go home and die. He felt he could not leave them unsaved, and although all his previous work had seemed fruitless and unavailing, his parting visit to each member of his class brought every one to the feet of the Saviour, and now they are among the useful workers in the church of which Mr. Moody is a member. There is no reason, he continued, why there should not be 5,000 souls saved during this week upon which we have now entered, if each one will bring one. How many are there of you that will promise here before God to bring one soul to Christ between now and next Sunday. All that can make that promise please rise.

Fully three-fourths of the congregation responded, and there was a solemn silence, broken by the weeping of strong men, whose hearts had been touched and quickened by the wonderful earnestness of the peacher.

Then Dr. Newton offered prayer, his voice nearly chocked with emotion, and those who had risen remained standing until its conclusion. With many it was a solemn prayer and vow of consecration.

Mr. Moody followed with a brief petition, and Mr. Sankey also prayed that each person present might determine to speak with some one in the congregation before leaving the building this morning. The service then concluded with the singing of hymn 122.

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The Weekly World
one year.

1. It contains all the news of the past seven days, collected by the agents and correspondents of the New York Daily World, and in fulness, accuracy and enterprise in this respect is unequalled.

2. Its Agricultural Department contains the latest news of farm experiments at home and abroad, contributions by home and foreign writers, full reports of the Farmer's Club of the American Institute, and quotations of valuable and interesting articles appearing in the agricultural weeklies and magazines.

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THIS WILL NOTIFY THE PUBLIC

of our intention to put NEW and LOWER PRICES on much of our Stock.

THE YEAR'S CLOSING OUT SALE WILL COMMENCE at HALF-PAST SIX O'CLOCK, EACH WEEK-DAY MORNING, and CONTINUE UNTIL OUR FALL AND WINTER STOCK IS SOLD.

THE MAIN FACT IS:

We have made up TOO MANY OVERCOATS and SUITS for this year, and to transfer our Stock into Cash needed for preparation for 1876, we will make *certain sacrifices* which will be apparent ON AND AFTER WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER FIRST, when we shall have gone through our Salesrooms and cut off Profits, and even a part of the cost, from many of our present prices.

To be very exact in stating this matter, as we do not intend that any advertisement or custom of our house shall mislead the public in the least particular, we think it proper to say, that this Mark Down, whilst it applies to

A THOUSAND AND MORE OVERCOATS,
A THOUSAND AND MORE BUSINESS COATS,
HUNDREDS OF DRESS COATS,
SEVERAL THOUSAND VESTS,
SEVERAL THOUSAND PAIRS OF PANTS,

and extends throughout our house, yet there are some lots in which (as they have already been marked at close prices,) we shall make no change.

WE DESIRE TO ANNOUNCE THAT THIS IS

OUR FINAL and ONLY MARK DOWN THIS SEASON,

SO THAT NONE NEED WAIT FOR LOWER Prices.

THE STEP WE TAKE WILL WONDERFULLY AID THOSE WHO FEEL LIKE ECONOMIZING.

THE TERMS OF THE SALE ARE THE USUAL TERMS OF OUR HOUSE:

1.—No Second or Altered Price—ONE FIXED PRICE.
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4.—A *Full Guarantee* given for each garment.

The Stock we offer is all NEW, and is not "BOUGHT" or "WHOLESALE" stock but our own

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It will be remembered that our stock always embraces the CHOICEST STYLES of SUBSTANTIAL GOODS, and that EVERY SIZE and SHAPE is provided for both MEN and BOYS. It will also be borne in mind that there is but ONE OAK HALL, and THAT IS AT THE CORNER OF

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Bought or will be sold on commission when desired, and full prices guaranteed. Information concerning the grain trade will be furnished at all times, to farmer with pleasure, free of charge.

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Set No. 1—3 Irons of 5, 6 and 7 lbs., 1 handle, $2.00
" 2—3 " 6, 7 and 8 lbs., " 2.30
" 3—3 " 7, 8 and 9 lbs., " 2.60

Nickel plated Irons, 75cts. per set extra.

Any party ordering five sets will receive one set extra as a premium.

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HORSE POWERS, THESHING MACHINES & SHAKERS, PLOWS, STOVES, OVEN DOORS, KETTLE PLATES, CELLARGRATES, PLOW SHEARS & MILL GEARING of every description, in short their Foundry is complete in every particular.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

THURSDAY DEC. 23, 1875.

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 895, I. O. of O. F., meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall.
J. M. GILLILAND, Sect. H. F. SANKEY, A. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 537, F. A. M., meets on Monday evening, on or after each full moon in the Odd Fellows Hall.
C. F. HERLACHER, Sect. W. B. MINGLE, W. M.

PROGRESS GRANGE, P of H, meets on Saturday afternoon on or after each full moon, at their Hall.
J. J. ARNEY.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of six new subscribers, with the cash, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

☞Subscribers to the Reporter, residing outside of Centre county, should remit us 10 cents, yearly, for postage which we will pay here; this reduces the postage to one half, as the sum paid by them for one year's postage was 20 cts.

Ladies' Fair.

The ladies connected with the Luth. church, of Centre Hall, will hold a Fair, commencing on Friday afternoon, 24th inst, and continuing until Saturday evening, Christmas. ICE CREAM, CAKES and FANCY ARTICLES will be sold upon the occasion. Proceeds for the benefit of the church. A cordial invitation is extended to all. The occasion will be pleasant and for a good cause—for the benefit of the church.

——A Merry Christmas and a happy New Year to every reader of the Reporter. May the end of 1876 see you all alive, prosperous and happy, and the Reporter with new names added by the efforts of its friends, is what we wish for ourselves.

——Ice cream at the ladies fair, Friday and Saturday 24 and 25.

——The store of Frank Tayler, at Lemont, was robbed one night, week before last. The thieves effected an entrance by boring out the lock. A box of boots and shoes and about 100 yards of calico were carried off.

——We call attention to the locals of Mr. Glassmire, now at Spangler's hotel, who is skilled in all kinds of hair-work.

——Good dinners and suppers at the ladies fair, Friday and Saturday, of this week.

——Read the advertisement of Stove-shelves, of D. K. Geiss. These shelves are one of the most simple and useful articles for the kitchen.

——A meeting of the friends of the Bellefonte branch railroad, was held last Friday, at Bellefonte, and a committee was appointed, at the head of which stands Gov. Curtin, to call upon the officers of the Penn'a railroad, and urge the immediate construction of the branch from Bellefonte to Lemont. We hope the committee will meet with success.

——A Christmas sermon will be delivered in the Lutheran church, of this place, on Saturday evening, 25, by Rev. Fischer.

——Beautiful Hair Switches made out of your own combings—50 cts. per ounce. Spangler's Hotel, Centre Hall.

——A Bellefonte correspondent of the Williamsport Bulletin says that D. G. Bush, Esq., Gov. Curtin and other prominent men have about completed arrangements for the transfer of a knitting machine company from Philadelphia to that place. The machines wil be manufactured here and the work will give steady employment to about three hundred men. At least such is the talk now, and from all I can understand the arrangement is about concluded. People here are hoping that the thing will go through. One of the buildings of the Bellefonte car manufacturing company will be occupied for the purpose of manufacturing the machines.

——If you want a nice meal, turkey, chicken, oysters and other good things, or fancy articles, for big and little folks, come to the ladies fair, at Centre Hall, on Friday and Saturday, next, 24th and 25th, day and evening.

——Specially prepared with all kinds of good things for the holidays, at Sechler's grocery in the Bush house block—headquarters for all kinds of groceries, nice and fresh. Any thing in that line of business to be had there.

——The ladies Fair will be held in Durst's store room. Where big dinners will be served up, and ice-cream, cakes and fancy work will be offered for sale. Fair opens Friday afternoon and will continue until Christmas evening. All are invited.

——Every body wants nice fresh oysters and confectioneries for the holidays—the place to get them is at Brisbin's. He keeps tip-top oysters and sells them just as you want them.

——J. G. Kurtz's job office was burned by the big fire at Milton, on Sunday, 12.

——Excellent, select oysters will be served up at the ladies fair on Friday and Saturday 24 and 25 in this place.

——Every body should have and wants a calender for 1875. You can get a handsome brass-mounted calender, in monthly sections and with a sheet-calender with the twelve months, gratis, at Sechler's grocery. These calenders are an ornament to any office or room, and the most convenient out. Go and get one.

——Some of Bellefonte's enterprising capitalists are endeavering to turn a portion of the car shops into a manufactory of knitting machines. Hope the'll succeed—if they fail, the next best thing we could recommend would be to teach all their gay and handsome damsels to be knitters.

Henry Myers, of Clinton county, fell into the canal while in the act of dipping a bucket of water. His corpse was found about 300 yards from the point.

——The Odd Fellows of this place will dedicate their new hall, on 24 inst, with appropriate ceremonies. Prominent members from a distance will be present and deliver addresses. The Boalsburg Band has also been engaged, and parade in full regalia will be had.

We enter volume 9 with the commencement of 1876, and are revising our list and sending out accounts to all who owe several years subscription, and shall feel obliged to strike off the names of all who refuse to pay arrears before January 1st, next. We can not send the Reporter year upon year without pay. We must pay Cash for paper, work and material, hence the reader who is in arrears will see how important it is to mail us the amount due. A newspaper cannot be published without money. We trust, therefore that those who have been lifting the Reporter regularly, every week for two or more years, willl feel that it is but simple justice towards us to pay up arrears.

☞A new Golden Tongue Organ, one of the finest toned instruments made, for sale at this office. Also a Rynder organ, good as new. Either of these instruments offered at a bargain.

——If you wish a first class sewing machine, buy the New American of Bunnell & Aiken, Milroy, Pa.

——The celebrated Australian Diamond Pebble spectacles, are superior to the ordinary glass spectacle, affording relief to the eyes, and suited for all ages, are sold by M. Straus, Bellefonte, Pa. 16dec3m

——WANAMAKER & BROWN.—The largest clothing house in America is that of the firm whose name heads this notice, and is located at Sixth and Market streets, Phila. Read what they say in their advertisement on the second page of this paper. They will do all they promise, and will give each purchaser a guarantee that their goods are sold as low as possible, and then will take them back inside of ten days if unworn and the customer is not satisfied with them.

——Next week, according to custom there will be no paper issued from this office, in order to afford our hands opportunity for relaxation, and to spend the holidays, like the rest of mankind.

——On Tuesday night, of last week, some fellow or fellows, with false keys entered the granery of neighbor George Durst and carried off some six bushels of wheat. A heavy hickory staff, which the thieves had brought with them, was still standing guard on the outside, not knowing that the owners had left. Mr. Durst found it in the morning, looking tired, and leaning against the stable near the door. He relieved it and left it in the Reporter office, where the owner can get it.

——Any and every thing made up out of hair. Satisfaction guaranteed. Spangler's Hotel, Centre Hall. Orders received by stage or mail.

——We are pleased to learn that Mr. C. H. Sperring, C. E., who was principal of the engineer corps of L. C. & S. C. RR., stationed at this place two summers ago, is still alive and has his being. Mr. Sperring now has charge of the engineering of an important railroad north west of Lock Haven, He is one of the most competent engineers in the state.

——Croup can be cured in a short time, and the remedy is simply alum and sugar. The way to accomplish the deed is to take a knife or grater and shave it off in small particles, about a teaspoonfull of alum, then mix it with about twice its quantity of sugar to make it palatable, and administer it as quick as possible. Almost instantaneous relief will follow.

——CENTRE CO. TEACHERS' INSTITUTE, —29th annual session, will convene in Reynolds Hall, Bellefonte, Tuesday, Dec. 28, 1875, at 9 o'clock, a. m., and continue in session four days.

——Harpers Magazine for January, is a valuable number. It is rich in its literary matter, all solid food for the mind, by the best writers. Harper's magazine is not a vender of trash like many of the monthlies—it brings you gold and not dross.

——Old Wigs made as good as new. Spangler's Hotel, Centre Hall.

——On Thursday night of last week, we had about two inches of snow—the deepest thus far, and on the following day the jingling sleighbells were heard for the first time this winter, recalling to our mind one of the verses of Poe, on The Bells:

Hear the sledges with the bells,—
Silver bells,—
What a world of merriment their melody fortells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a chrystalline delight,—
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
From the jingling and the tingling of the bells.

——Y. M. C. A.—The Young Men's Christian Association at their last meeting, held in the Reformed church, on Friday last, elected the following board of Directors: David Boozer, D. M. Rhinesmith, Jared Murray, Charles Sheffler, Wm. Ossman, M. Derstine, C. W. Derstine, Wm. Richards, A. G. Gregg, A. Tobias, John Krumbine, J. Dinges, John Shannon, and W. A. Krise. The next meeting of the Association will be held in the Lutheran church on Friday evening, Dec. 31 The Board of Directors will meet on that evening, as soon after six o'clock as possible, for the purpose of electing officers, determine the times of meeting, and the kind of work to be pursued during the coming year.

——SCHOOL PROMOTIONS.—On Friday last, Prof. W. A. Krise, principal of our schools, held examinations in the schools of Miss Murray and Miss M'Cormick, for the purpose of making promotions. The following pupils were promoted: From Room No. 3 to No. 2, George Krumbine, Newton Bouse, Emma Harper, and Annie Harpster. From Room No. 2 to No. 1, Samuel Krumbine, Ella Harpster, Willie Conley, and John Krumbine.

WOODWARD AND VICINITY.

The hog cholera is abating.

The "Putiful" snow all over below.

Spelling matches are evening patches.

Teachers meetings are weekly greetings.

There were no less than a dozen deer shot in Woodward and vicinity during the last season.

By "virtue" of the weather, work in the Pottery has closed. We trust by the time of the swallow they will again commence to wallow.

On the evening of the 18th inst., the folks of our village were favored by a concert from the Aaronsburg Minim String Band. Their music was chiefly original and well executed. We would advise this Band to strike for a larger community, because the patronage of a place like ours does not do them justice.

The Government agents paid the distillery on Bear run a visit. They bespeak business before a great while. We are informed that this is the most convenient still house in central Penn'a.

The Revolution in East Woodward still continues; but by all appearances it will be settled "according szu der law."

And at last Howard has taken a Wolf unto himself. Oh, well it is not a very ferocious one. We wish them a happy future.

T. C. Weaver has left for the Oil region, and Nathan Stover has returned home from Michigan to spend a few weeks with his Pennsvalley friends. OCCASIONAL.

——M'Clure's Daily Times started out good; got better, and now since its enlargement is the best paper in Philadelphia. We reccommend it to all readers of the Reporter wishing a daily.

——The Lewistown True Democrat advertises for a fresh cow. Well, we have one—come over, or shall we express "sukey?"

——The State Treasury is empty and not a red to pay salaries or school appropriations. We told you so.

THE FARMERS MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF CENTRE COUNTY, PA.—Centre Hall, Dec. 23rd, 1875. The Annual Meeting of the Members and Election of twelve Directors, to conduct the affairs of the Company for the ensuing year, will be held at the house of John Spangler, Centre Hall, on Monday, the 10th day of January, 1876, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 3 p. m. of said day. Members generally are requested to attend. GEO. BUCHANAN, Prest.
D. F. LUSE, Sec'y. dec 30 3t.

——If you wish to exchange your old sewing machine for a new one, address Bunnell & Aiken, Milroy.

SCHOOL TAX NOTICE.—The taxpayers of Potter school district are hereby notified that the tax-duplicate has been placed in my hands for collection. All tax paid on or before December 1st, next, will have 5 per cent. deducted, and from that date to January 1st the amount on duplicate will be payable, and all taxes unpaid after January 1st 1876, will go into the hands of a collector with an addition of 5 per cent.

I will be at home Tuesday and Thursday of each week to receive tax.
A. H. HOSTERMAN,
7 oct 3m. Treasurer.

——If your wish a sewing machine of any manufacture apply to Bunnell & Aiken, Milroy, Pa.

——JOHN S. MILLER, Tailor, of Millheim, is putting up the best of work and the public would do well to call upon him, as his prices and work suit the times. Satisfaction guaranteed. We have seen some of his work and find it equal to that of the best of tailors. One door east of Weiser's smith shop. 21 oct 6m.

IMPORTANT TO BUILDERS.—The undersigned is now prepared to sell Brick at his kilns at Centre Hall to suit purchasers, at reasonable rates, also to furnish or contract Brickwork. S. S. FARNER.
7 oct y

——If you wish a sewing machine at Granger prices, address Bunnell & Aiken, Milroy, Pa. 21 oct 3m.

Subscribe for the Reporter—don't depend on your neighbor's copy always.

From the Gazette & Bulletin.

LARGE FIRE IN MILTON.

Milton, Dec. 13.—About eight o'clock last evening the Riverside Hotel, a three-story building owned by Henry Huth, on Front Street was discovered to be on fire. The fire originated in the lower part of the hotel, and owing to the dense smoke arising therefrom the locality was unknown. The two hand engines on which Milton risks her property and the lives of her citizens, were on the ground, but all their efforts were but momentary, as the flames gained slowly, bursting their bounds, and at half past ten the scene was awful. The vast crowd fell back before the devouring element losing all hopes. The Watsontown and Lewisburg steam engines having arrived, soon began playing on the surrounding property and the burning building. The flames spread rapidly, and in a short time four large three-story buildings were covered with solid fire, and burned to the ground. The firemen, by almost superhuman efforts, gained control over the flames about half-past two this morning, and in a short time the walls fell in with a crash, thus rendering the victory complete. Odd Fellows Hall, Riverside Hotel, B. K. Hoag's hardware store, and J. F. Gauger's mammoth clothing store were the buildings destroyed. The First National bank, Kremer's shoe store, Lanford and Murray's drug store, Mowry's photograph gallery, J. G. Kurtz's job office, the magistrate's office, two restaurants, and other places of business were destroyed, most of the goods, &c., being removed while the flames were confined to the hotel. The largest and best block of buildings in Milton are to-day in ruins, presenting indeed, a sad sight. The total loss is estimated to be about $125,000.

A TRIPLE EXECUTION.

A Sickening Spectacle.

New York, December 17.—A tremendous crowd assembled in the Toombs prison this morning to witness the execution of Weston, Ellis and Thompson, colored men.

New York, December 17.—The doomed men were led to the scaffold by Sheriff Conner, who, at 10:25 gave the signal when the weights were let go, and the bodies of the three murderers were lifted into the air.

A Most Horrible Scene

then ensued. Weston died easily, no motion of his person was perceptible except a brief shudder and an occasional contraction of his legs. His body shivered from head to foot, and his breast heaved and he raised his arms three times, working his fingers convulsively.

Terrible Death Struggles of Ellis.

But the mode of Ellis' death was the cruelest of all. At the last moment, after the noose had been adjusted, he suddenly turned his head, and disarranged the position of the knot. Before it could be re-adjusted the signal was given, and the weight fell. The knot slipped and became fixed beneath the chin. He began to writhe terribly, and placing his feet against the boards at the side of the scaffold, he attempted to raise himself and relieve the strain upon his neck. He then swung around and convulsively seized Thompson who was hanging next to him, and again endeavored to raise himself. He even succeeeded in twice clasping his legs around Thompson's waist and by thus easing his neck, was enabled to breathe more freely, and to prolong his agony. He even seized the rope just above the knot, his arms having been fastened too loosely, and as he did so, his handkerchief, which was in his hand when he was swung into the air, fell over his shoulder. He was heard to cry aloud, "Save me," and his breath was plainly discernible as it issued from beneath the black cap that covered his face. Strong men turned away pale and trembling from the sickening spectacle and there were murmurs of "Take him down," and "Cut the rope." But fortunately there was no need of a double execution; in his struggles, he again shifted the knot and the noose suddenly closed around his windpipe and he was strangled to death.

AN EXPRESS MESSENGER LOCKED UP IN A CHEST BY THE THIEVES.

St. Louis, Dec. 18.—Between 4 and 5 o'clock this morning the U. S. Express car on the St. Louis, Kansas City and Northern train, due here at 6.15 a. m., was entered between Ferguson and Jennings station, some ten or twelve miles from here, the messenger, Chas. Kincaid, was thrown into a large package chest and locked up, and the safe robbed of from $10.000 to $20,000 in money and bonds. Kincaid says he was lying on one of the package boxes in the car half asleep, when he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder, and on turning his head around was confronted by a pistol in the hands of a masked man. Before he could speak he was seized by the collar of his coat from behind, and, under cover of two more pistols in the hands of another man, was thrust into a large package box, which had been emptied of its packages by the robbers, and the lid closed on him and locked. He does not know what occurred after that until the train reached St. Louis, where he was released, except that he heard the men working at the safe, and supposed they were robbing it.

BREAD RIOTS.

A Mob of Hungry Laborers at Montreal.

Montreal, Dec. 17.—This morning between 1,000 and 1,500 desperate laborers clamoring for bread. Alderman Grenier, chairman of the police committee, addressed the people and quieted them advising them to wait until to-morrow. If immediate aid is not given it is feared a riot will be the result.

Later.

This afternoon the laborers again assembled and marched through the streets to the Champ de Mars where a meeting was held. The speakers advised them to be quiet and use no violence. At three o'clock a disorderly throng of over two thousand people surrounded the city hall and despite a large body of police, the mob attacked a beer wagon and drank its contents. A bread wagon was then cleaned out. Ten minutes later a fight took place. Order was restored with difficulty. The aldermen locked up the various departments and discussed the propriety of reading the riot act. The mayor then addressed the assemblage from the balcony, counseling the greatest moderation on their part; that violence would only make matters worse.

A WONDERFUL OPERATION.

How the Cincinatti Hog is Taken in and done for.

From the Cincinnatti Commercial.—By the improved processes of slaughtering, within the brief space of two and a half minutes a hog loses his place in the world as a portion of the vitalized creation and becomes so much bacon, so many spare-ribs and such a quantity of lard. As the process involves the personality of the hog to some extent, we will begin with him in his living, breathing form. He is contained in an immense pen on the ground floor of the building, and there are a good many of him, say five or six hundred at a time. The porcine grunters having had their doom duly sealed, spoken their "last words," and tearfully handed around among their ailing and spared companions a few locks of bristles and mementoes, are driven up a gangway to the slaughter-pen, where an able bodied colored gentleman claps a chain around their hind legs, one at a time, and the pressure of a steam lever jerks the struggling and loudly squealing pig into the air. He is now suspended on a horizontal bar about thirty feet long. The chain by which he is suspended slides along the bar, and before he fairly comprehenes the situation another man, gory to his very arm-pits, plunges a knife into his throat, and taps the life current. He squeals and kicks about half a second, and before the "vital spark has fled" has beside him a former comrade of the pen, who has met with the same misfortune, and, with him, is on the way to meet his Gadarene ancestors. There is a constant line of stuck hogs passing down this elevated bar, and when they get to the end of it they are dead, and are plumped into an enormous tank of boiling water. The great personal pride of a pig-sticker is to have very little if any squealing on the part of a hog after he introduces his knife into his jugular. There was a "sub" on deck yesterday afternoon, and the pigs squealed a good deal, so much, in fact, that his assistants were disposed to complain.

The hogs take their post mortem warm bath, into which they are plunged from the iron rod, eight or ten at a time, and, by means of a revolving iron skid operated by steam at one end of the tank, are thrown out singly upon a long wooden table, on which they are scraped by twelve or fifteen men. They start in rough, shaggy and dirty at one end of the table, and reach the other end as clean and white as may be. At the far end of the table one man cuts off the head, another flops the bloodless trunk over to a gang below, who "gut" him, hang him up and cool him off with a stream of water. The beheading process is new here, we believe, and comes from acephalous Chicago. It is claimed that by cutting off the head the hog is more speedily cooled, and that the lard, tongue and head pieces are got at a day in advance of the old method. The hams are also "faced" and the inside fat taken out while the hog is still warm, instead of waiting for it to cool as formerly, and the innovation is said to be very advantageous. When the heads have been cut off, the entrails and fatty substance taken out and the hams dressed, the cleaned hogs are hung on runways between the joist of the drying room and run into that department to cool. Nearly all the houses on the avenue will "hang" about 3,500 hogs on a floor. In this room, when the hogs are sufficiently cool, they are cut up into all the various forms of pork—hams, shoulders, middles, &c, and the men who do the cutting use their knives and saws with the skill and precision of anatomists, cleaning a bone when it is thrown away so perfectly that a hungry dog would pass it by in disgust. Since the adoption of the new method of taking off the heads and "facing" the hams in the killing room, the cutters work very fast and to much better advantage. To cut up a thousand hogs is now considered only a fair day's work for one man, and in the busy season even more than that amount of work is exacted. All of the houses are supplied with huge iron vats extending from the killing room to the floor below, in which the fatty portions of the hog are boiled or steamed into lard. An improvement known as "Caldwell's Manhead," has recently been made to these vats. It is manhead in the centre of the bottom of the tank instead of at the side as in the old tanks, and its utility is that when the cooking process is complete it is opened and the "chowder" or "slush," as the refuse of the lard is called, drops out at once. The old tanks had to cool so as to allow a man to go into them and shovel out the "chowder," and that generally required two or three hours. When the lard is "done" it is pumped into an elevated galvanized receiver called a "zig-zag," some thirty by twelve feet square, and traversed by gutters aggregating in length nearly 400 feet. The lard having passed through these gutters passes through a long pipe to another receiver, from which it is drawn into the tierces in which it finds its way to market. The bristles go to the brush factory or mattress maker; the brains become "head cheese," the feet are sold at the restaurant as "Irish quail," and the blood flows into a big wooden vessel directly under the killer, is warmed by steam pipes until it congeals into a sort of jelly, and is then readily sold as a fertalizer.

MARRIAGES.

In Milroy, Dec. 8th, by Rev. J. W. White, John D. Sterrett to Miss Hatties S. Graff, daughter of Mr. A. W. Graff.

On the 8th inst., by the Rev. Geo. Guyer, Jos. S. Mulhollen, of Fostoria, Blair county, and Annie M. Cross, of Half Moon, Centre co.

On the 9th inst., by the same. Geo. G. Willson and Isola D. Lever, all of Half Moon, Centre co.

On the 7th inst, by the Rev. H. E. Detroiler, Mr. Wm. T. Riegel, of Lamar, Clinton county, to Miss Jennie Bartholomew, of Hublersburg, Centre co.

At the M. E. parsonage in Pine Grove, Dec. 7, 1875, by the Rev. J. Foster Bell, Mr. John Garner to Miss Mary A. Stover, all of State College, Pa.

At the residence of the bride's mother in Boalsburg, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 8, by the Rev. Dr. Hamill, Miss Martha Riley to Mr. A. J. Everhart, of Centre county, Pa.

On the 24th of October, 1875, by the Rev. J. K. Bricker, Mr. Jonathan Ruhl, of Rebersburg, to Miss Rebecca I. Ocker, near Tylersville.

At the Reformed parsonage, in Aaronsburg on the 14, by Rev. J. G. Shoemaker, Mr. Chas. E. Royer to Miss Martha P. Harshberger, both of Spring Mills.

DEATHS.

On Thursday evening, Dec. 1. 1875, at her home in Harris twp, Mrs. Nancy, wife of Hon. John Hasson, aged 75 years.

On Thursday evening, Dec. 8, 1875, at his home in Harris twp, Hon. John Hasson, aged about 84 years.

In Lamar township, December 7th, 1875 John Charles, only son of A. J. and Della M. Brumgard, aged 5 years, 8 months and 23 days.

In Flemington, Thursday, Dec. 9, 1875, John Caskey, aged 74 years and 8 months. Deceased was an old soldier, having served under Wellington at the battle of Waterloo, in June, 1815, being but 14 years of age at the time.

In Booneville, Pa., Mrs. Mattie Karstetter, wife of Peter F. Karstetter, and daughter of Henry Shaffer, aged 19 years, 7 months and 11 days.

On Dec. 13th, 1875, Mrs. Jane C. Hoyt, wife of John Hoyt, jr., of Mann's Axe Factory near Lewistown, Pa., aged 59 years.

At Tylersville, Clinton county, Aaron Grieb, aged 49 years, 3 months and 13 days. Peace to his ashes.

MILROY MARKETS, corrected weekly by D. Shelmire,

Wheat $1 20 to $1 25.
Barley 65c to 80c.
Oats 30c to 35c.
Clover Seed $6 00 to $6 75.
Rye 65c to 70c.
Pork 7c to 8c.
Butter 25c to 28.
Eggs 25c
Corn 40 to 52.
Beef $6 to $6,75 per 100 lbs.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.

White Wheat $1 20 Red 115....Rye 80 new Corn45 old 60. Oats 30—Barley 90, 70.....Cloverseed 5,50 ......Potatoes 30 Lard per pound 8.......Pork per pound 06 Butter20.......Eggs15.......Plaster per ton $14 Tallow 8......Bacon10......Ham 15. Lard per pound 8 cents,.........Buckwheat 65 cts.,.........Flour per barrel retail7,00... Nova Scotia plaster $14 to 15. Cayuga plaster $9,50 per 2000 lbs.

"9999" MONEY FOR ALL. Only two Dimes. Only two Dimes. "It is always darkest before day." To any reader who will send 20 cents to us, we will send one box of 9999 which we guarantee will put you in the way to make $200 a month, and not take half your time. Suitable for men or women, boys or girls, and is entirely new. Thousands can now secure paying business, and consistant income. This is the "chance of a lifetime," and if you will not embrace it tell your friends, for it is a Fortune for some worthy deserving person who needs a helping hand. Not a recipe, jewelry, or other humbug, but a safe and sure guaranteed business opportunity. Sample box, circulars, &c., &c., are sent at cost, 20 cents, only to introduce it, none free, and none need reply unless they want to make $2000 a year clear. Hundreds are making that, and 20 cents and "9999" will show you "how tis done." Address, HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. Y.

$ DOWN WITH HARD TIMES. $

Save Money and to do it, buy where you can Get your Money's worth. The Great N. E. Dollar Sale, 33 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass., since 1873 has sold goods to 125,000 patrons. It offers every variety of Dry, Fancy, and Staple Goods, Groceries, Books, Cutlery, Glass Ware, &c., &c., at about half price, and sells everything at only one dollar.

First Hands. It buys from manufacturers and first hands, and can sell for $1 what country dealers ask $2 to $3 for. This is no humbug, no "tickets" or lottery. See our circulars, and see the thousands of articles offered at only $1. We are endorsed by the best papers of Boston, and by 100,000 patrons. See our circulars.

We Can. and will sell you goods at less than any other house. We send by mail or express C. O. D., and let you see goods before buying. We want agents everywhere. No risk, no capital needed.

One Cent buys a postal card. Send one for all our papers, circulars, and lists. We can and do sell $2 articles, $2 books, &c., all for a single dollar. Beautiful Rings, Pins, Bracelets, Sets, Pipes, Violins, Guitars, Castors, in fact 2000 articles all at $1. Send Now, and save money. You can do it, please try. Address all orders to H. ORMISTON & CO., N. E. DOLLAR SALE, 33 Bromfield St., Boston. Mass. dec. 16 eow.

THE DYNAMITE EXPLOSION.

Bremen, December 16.—Thomassen, the passenger on the Mosel who owned the cask of dynamite which caused the terrible disaster at Bremen, has confessed his guilt, saying he had accomplices at New York. The motive for the diabolical scheme appears to have been to procure exaggerated and fictitious insurance and to share afterwards with the others. He intended to place his hellish machine on the Deutschland but it was not ready in time.

Who Made the Infernal Machine.

It is stated that Thompson alias Thomassen had his clock work made by a mechanic named Fuchs, residing at Bernburg. The apparatus was constructed to run noiselessly for ten days when it caused a lever to act and strike with a force of thirty pounds. Twenty similar machines have been ordered. The negotiations between Thompson and Fuchs have been carried on since 1873. When Fuchs visited Thompson in Leipsic, he was told by the latter that the machines were required for a manufactory in the United States.

Death of Thomassen.

Thomassen died to day from the effect of injuries inflicted by himself. He stated that his true name was William King Thompson and that he was a native of Brooklyn, N. Y. His age is believed to be about thirty-five years. He confessed that he was once captain of the vessel Old Dominion, and that he changed his name to avoid being prosecuted for running the blockade during the civil war in America; that he bought the explosive material in the United States and had it forwarded to his address, and that the clock work attachment was manufactured in Germany and was set to explode the charge in eight days.

A HORRIBLE STORY.—A Denver newspaper publishes a letter from Red Cloud agency, which gives a touching picture of the sufferings of a body of Arrapahoe Indians who live in the vicinity upon a reservation. After stating that they hang about the post and fish refuse from swill barrels, and relating some instances of extreme suffering, the writer says:

"They are starving, and their papooses are starving. They have ponies they want to 'swap,' and money they want to pay for provisions, but the provisions are not to be had. The agent has none, the trader has none. The post commissary officer is not allowed to sell to them, and they are not allowed to go off the reservation to buy. If they were allowed, the nearest market is seventy-five miles away. So they are come to starve. The children are perfect little skeletons, arms and legs like pipe stems, and faces bony, gaunt, and odd looking with an ashy, unnatural complexion, that at once attracts attention. A woman had one of them, a little three year old half-bred child, with lovely brown eyes, light hair and fair complexion, at the post to-day, trying to trade him off for a sack of flour. Now, somebody is certainly to blame for this state of affairs. Somebody is responsible for the starving of these people. They have submitted to the authority of the government, and this is their reward. Who can blame them if, starved into desperation, they leave their reservation, kill cattle that do not belong to them and shoot at the man who resists them?"

1876. THE 1876.
Centennial Post.

It is with pleasure that the proprietors of the PITTSBURG WEEKLY POST Announce to their patrons and the public generally, that they have made arrangements to add unusual attractions to this already popular journal for THE CENTENNIAL YEAR.

The Centennial year of 1876 will be crowded thick with incidents that will render a family newspaper absolutely indispensible. One of the most absorbing topics will be THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION. And THE POST, true to its long and consistent record, will advocate the selection of a Democratic President as the only means of insuring the perpetuity of our Republican form of Government and the eradication of official crime and corruption that now permeates the whole land.

To this end it will be necessary to circulate Democratic documents and arguments, and in no way can this be so effectively done as in the circulation of reliable Democratic journals like THE WEEKLY POST.

We have arranged for the earliest publication of all the interesting features of the Great Centennial Exposition, A matter in which all our people will be especially interested during the whole of next year. In addition, we will give a complete resume of HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS, Choice literature, original and selected miscellany, farm news, the fashions, editorial comments on all the live topics of the day—in a word, we will make THE WEEKLY POST, the largest, cheapest and best family newspaper in the country. Another special feature will be The Live Stock Markets, Prepared expressly for the Weekly, as well as a full and complete report of all the leading markets in the United States and European market reports by cable. As

A SPECIAL INDUCEMENT To subscribers, we shall, for the present, and until further notice, give each yearly subscriber, either single or in clubs, A Handsome Engraving As soon as their names are entered upon our books. We pay all postage upon both our Daily and Weekly editions, so that there is no additional cost in excess of the subscription price.

OUR TERMS.
(With Postage Paid)

The Daily Post, per year	$9.00
The Weekly Post, per year	2.00
In Clubs of Five or Over	1.60

Money may be sent by drafts, post office orders, or by registered letter.
Jas. P. Barr & Co.,
Pittsburg, Pa.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!
AT
Wolf's Old Stand.
Largest Stock of Goods in the Valley!
ONE PRICE! LOW PRICE!
POLITE ATTENTION!

Having just returned from the East, and bought at panic prices, I am now prepared to sell cheaper than ever before. My stock consists in part of
DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
NOTIONS,
HOSIERY,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
RUBBER BOOTS,
SANDALS, &c., &c.

Ladies' and Gents' Underwear a speciality.

A LARGE STOCK OF
READY - MADE CLOTHING
constantly on hand. Look at the figures:

Good Cassimere Suits,	$10.00
Good Cassimere Coats,	$5.00

Customers will find the stock complete, and a call is all that is required to assure you that this is the best place in the valley to buy your goods.

Remember, we have but one price for everyone.

WM. WOLF.

——Every week the Lewistown True Democrat knows "All about the Feminines." How he must be nosing around.

——Hon. Jefferson Walker, republican representative from Monroe county, Mississippi, has just been imprisoned for hog stealing. We say pen him up in a hog pen.

——Nice Christmas presents to be had at the ladies fair, in this place, on Friday and Saturday of this week.

Grain, Seeds and Produce.

FARMERS LOOK THIS WAY,
and bring your grain of all kinds,
Clover Seed, Pork.
Poultry, &c., &c., &c.
to Milroy—mill ware-house—where you will at all times receive the highest cash prices for the same. Salt, plaster, Coal, Fish, &c. for sale. D. SHELMIRE,
18 nov 3 m

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the account of William Weaver, committee of Edward D. Weaver a lunatic, has been filed in the office of the Prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre co., and will be presented to the Court for confirmation at January term, next.
A. WILLIAMS,
dec 2 Prothonotary.

LAST NOTICE.—All persons indebted to the estate of S. S. Wolf, dec'd, are hereby notified to render satisfaction on or before the 1st day of January next, after which date all unsettled accounts will be placed into the hands of an officer for collection.
P. HOFFER,
C. C. WOLF,
25 nov 6t. Administrators.

FOR SALE.—
The subscriber offers at private sale, a property situated at Millheim. A double lot, thereon erected a TWO STORY HOUSE, a wood-house, a good stable and other outbuildings. Terms reasonable. For further information address S. M. Swartz, Centre Hill, or call on H. M. Swartz near Millheim.
25 nov 4t. S. M. SWARTZ.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—
Letters of administration on the estate of Jacob Kline, late of Potter twp., dec'd. having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said decedent are requested to make immediate payment, and persons having claims against the estate will present them authenticated for settlement.
ED. KLINE & JOHN SHANNON.
nov 18 6t. Adm'rs

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Barnet Wagner, late of Potter township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them, duly authenticated by law, for settlement.
JOHN B. WAGNER,
MICHAEL STROHM,
dec 26t Executors.

Don't Buy
A
HARD COAL BASE BURNER
HEATING STOVE, until you have examined the

HOME

DELIGHT!

—THE—
Best & Handsomest
STOVE IN THE MARKET.
Call and see them at the Store of
J. A. REESMAN,
CENTRE HALL, PA.

CRAMPTON'S IMPERIAL SOAP IS THE "BEST."
This Soap is manufactured from pure materials, and as it contains a large percentage of Vegetable Oil, is warranted fully equal to the best imported Castile Soap, and at the same time possesses all the washing and cleansing properties of the celebrated German and French Laundry Soaps. It is therefore recommended for use in the Laundry, Kitchen, and Bath-room, and for general household purposes; also, for Printers, Painters, Engineers, and Machinists, as it will remove stains of Ink, Grease, Tar, Oil, Paint, etc., from the hands. Manufactured only by
CRAMPTON BROTHERS,
2, 4, 6, 8, and 10 Rutgers Place, and 33 and 35 Jefferson Street, New York.
For sale at Philadelphia, by KOONS & RUOFF, 202 North Delaware Avenue, and by grocers generally, and at Sechler's grocery. Nov 11. 6m.

The Granger Store!
Something New!
CASH AND PRODUCE FOR
CHEAP GOODS.
SHORT CREDIT & SHORT PROFITS.
ISREAL GRENOBLE,
Spring Mills has established a store to suit the times, and has a complete stock of
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
GROCERIES,
HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE
HATS, CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
FISH, SALT,
CIGARS, TOBACCO,
DRUGS, SPICES, OILS,
In short a full line of
EVERYTHING FOR LESS PRICES THAN ELSEWHERE.
COME AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES.
5feb. y.

VENADA'S
NEW
Tile Manufactory.
WOODWARD, PA.
The undersigned has opened a new Tile Shop for manufacturing all kinds of Tiles. Persons wishing to drain off their land will please call and examine our stock, as we make the round and also the horse shoe tile.
For sample call at the Reporter office,
D. VENADA & SON,
21 oct 3m. Woodward.

BEATTY PIANO.
WEIGHS WHEN BOXED OVER ONE THOUSAND POUNDS. Liberal terms to dealers.
☞Send stamp for Circular. Address D. F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

Simon Haines,
CENTRE HALL.
Manufacturer of
Carriages,
Buggies,
Wagons, &c.
Of every description; running gear for all kinds of vehicles, made to order, and in first class manner. Being a practical mechanic, I would WARRANT ALL WORK to give satisfaction. Repairing promptly attended to at the lowest rates.
Undertaking,
Coffins of all styles
made on shortest notice. The business of undertaking attended to in all its branches. Respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. 9 sept y

J. HARRIS, J. D. SHUGERT, J. A. BEAVE
JOHN HOFFER, PETER HOFFER.
Pennsvalley Banking Co.
CENTRE HALL, PA
RECEIVE DEPOSITS,
And Allow Interest,
Discount Note
Buy and Sell
Government Securities, Gold and Coupons
PETER HOFFER, Pres't. WM. B. MINGLE, Cashier Apr. 22.

NEW STORE, NEW GOODS AND
Panic Prices.
H. A. LARRIMER.
at the old Centre Hill stand.
Just opening a Stock of
NEW GOODS,
OLD FASHIONED PRICES!
A large variety of
Ladies Dress Goods
Great Bargains in
Muslins and Calicoes.
Ready-made Clothing
Warranted to Suit.
His Cloths and Cassimers,
Cant be excelled
His Grocery Department,
Astonishes every one in assortment and low prices.
Syrup, Sugar, Tea, Coffee, Canned fruits, Domestic and Foreign Fruits, Cheese, and every other article belonging to the Grocery Department.
☞Farmers, Mechanics and Laborers look to your interest. One dollar saved is a dollar in pocket. Then call and see at what astonishingly low prices.
☞No trouble to show Goods.☜
Also the choicest FAMILY FLOUR always on hand. Apr. 15, y.

Miller & Son,
CENTRE HALL, PA.
DEALERS IN
PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c., &c., &c.
PURE WINE AND LIQUORS, for medicinal purposes.
Trusses & Supporters in great variety.
Also, choice
CIGARS AND TOBACCO,
and all other articles usually kept in a first class Drug Store.
Prescriptions carefully Compounded.
23oct tf MILLER & SON.

Headquarters for Boots and Shoes!
POWERS'
BOOT AND SHOE STORE,
Opposite Bush House,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Powers' Boot & Shoe Store is the largest and best stocked establishment in Centre County.
He keeps constantly on hand a full line of
BOOTS AND SHOES.
He is just opening the largest stock of Spring Goods ever brought to Bellefonte.
FINE SHOES
for ladies, kept constantly on hand.
Boots and Shoes for men and women, of all styles, quality and prices, from the most costly to the cheapest, constantly kept on hand.
WE DEFY COMPETITION!
either in quality or prices, Call and examine his new stock of Spring and Summer Goods, and you will find it to your advantage. Apr21ly.

NEW YORK
BRANCH STORE,
McClain's Block, Directly Opp. Bush House,
Bellefonte, Pa.
H. HERMAN & CO., Prop'rs.
Dry Goods,
HOSIERY, LINENS, EMBROIDERIES, WHITE GOODS, LACES, NOTIONS & FANCY GOODS,
STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS GOODS,
Below the Usual Prices.
Nov12.tf.

P. B. WILSON. T. A. HICKS. H. K. HICKS.
WILSON & HICKS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL HARDWARE DEALERS.
IRON, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, &C.
Builders Hardware
COACH MAKER'S GOODS.
CABINET MAKER'S STOCK.
Stoves of All Kinds.
CHILDREN'S BUGGIES,
WAGGONS, CARTS, &C.
WILSON & HICKS.
Bellefonte, Pa.
NOTICE.—We will sell to responsible men on three months credit. Will take off 5 per cent for cash which is equal to 20 per cent. per annum. It will pay the purchaser to borrow at 10 from other parties, if he can save in buying from us. In this way we can turn our money and sell lower. Mar 15. tf.

CENTRE HALL
Hardware Store.
J. O. DEININGER.
A new, complete Hardware Store has been opened by the undersigned in Centre Hall, where he is prepared to sell all kinds of Building and House Furnishing Hardware, Nails, &c.
Circular and Hand Saws, Tennon Saws, Webb Saws, Clothes Racks, a full assortment of Glass and Mirror Plate Picture Frames, Spokes, Felloes, and Hubs, table Cutlery, Shovels, Spades and Forks, Locks, Hinges, Screws, Sash Springs, Horse-Shoes, Nails, Norway Rods, Oils, Tea Bells, Carpenter Tools, Paint, Varnishes.
Pictures framed in the finest style.
Anything not on hand, ordered upon shortest notice.
☞Remember, all goods offered cheaper than elsewhere
aug 25' 73-tf.

JOHN CAMP'S
Furniture Rooms,
MILROY, MIFFLIN CO., PA.
Extension Tables,
Chamber Suits,
Fine & Common Furniture,
Consisting in part of BUREAUS, BEDSTEADS, CAIN and WOOD SEAT CHAIRS.
The public generally are invited to call and see the fine assortment of FURNITURE to be found at the above establishment, all of our own Manufacture.
Undertaking in all its branches,
Coffins, Caskets and Shrouds.
Having purchased an elegant Hearse, I will attend all orders of undertaking I may receive from Pennsvalley, Centre Co. Pa. JOHN CAMP.
Jan 28 tf.

BUY YOUR DRUGS FROM
RANKIN'S
Drug Store,
(NEXT DOOR TO THE DESCHNER GUN STORE.)
FRESH AND CHEAP.

Patent Adjustable Stove Shelf.

Useful & Ornamental,
And as a matter of ECONOMY, should be in every
FAMILY.
The saving from injury to Dishes will more than save the entire cost in one year.
Energetic and Responsible Business Men wanted immediately to supply the demand for this useful invention. Our terms to the trade are such, that Agents will find it a pleasant and profitable business.
All communications relative to purchase of Territory, application for Agencies and orders for Shelves, must be addressed to
D. K. GEISS,
dec 23 3m. Centre Hall, Pa.

FURNITURE.
JOHN BRECHBILL,
in his elegant New Rooms, Spring street Bellefonte.
Has on hand a splendid assortment of HOUSE FURNITURE from the commonest to the most elegant.
CHAMBER SETS, PARLOR SETS, SOFAS, CHAIRS, BEDSTEADS, WOOL MATTRESSES. HAIR MATTRESSES,
and anything wanted in the line of his business—homemade and city work. Also, has made a speciality and keeps on hand, the largest and finest stock of
WALL PAPER.
Goods sold at reasonable rates, wholesale and retail. Give him a call before purchasing elsewhere. feb6-ly

J. ZELLER & SON
DRUGGISTS
No 6 Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte, Pa
Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals Perfumery, Fancy Goods &c. &c.
Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept. may 31. 72.

CENTRE HALL
Furniture Rooms!
EZRA KRUMBINE,
respectfully informs the citizens of Centre county, that he has bought out the old stand of J. O. Deininger, and has reduced the prices. They have constantly on hand and make to order
BEDSTEADS,
BUREAUS,
SINKS,
WASHSTANDS,
CORNER CUPBOARDS
TABLES, &c., &c.
HOME MADE CHAIRS ALWAYS ON HAND.
Their stock of ready-made Furniture is large and warranted of good workmanship and is all made under their own immediate supervision, and is offered at rates cheaper than elsewhere.
Call and see our stock before purchasing elsewhere. 26 feb. ly.

Gift & Flory's
New Shoe Store!
AT CENTRE HALL.
They have now opened, and will constantly keep on hand, a splendid stock of new SHOES, GAITERS, & SLIPPERS, for men, women and children, from the best manufactories in the country, and now offered at the
Lowest Prices.
BOOTS and SHOES made to order, upon short notice. They invite the people of this vicinity to give them a call, as they will strive to merit a share of their patronage. my10tf

GRAHAM & SON,

Dealers in
Boots, Shoes and
RUBBERS,
Ladies', Misses' and Children's Fine Gaiters.
All Kinds of Custom Work Made To Order.
Harness Leather,
Sole Leather,
Calf Skins
And Shoe Findings always on hand.
Bishop Street,
20may tf Bellefonte, Pa.

Excelsior Cement.
The undersigned now manufactures Cement WARRANTED OF A SUPERIOR QUALITY, at his kilns, near Pine Creek Mills, in Haines twp. This cement has already been used in large quantities upon the L. C. & S. C. RR., and has been found highly satisfactory upon all jobs where it has been used, and as equal to any now manufactured for use in CISTERNS, WATER PIPES, or whatever purpose a good quality of Cement is desirable This Cement has already been tested far and wide, and rendered the utmost satisfaction. Persons, therefore constructing Cisterns, laying Water Pipes, &c., will find it to their advantage to bear this in mind, and also, that he warrants the article as represented.
J. G. MEYER,
may 21 tf Aaronsburg, Pa

W. A. CURRY,
Boot & Shoe Maker,
CENTRE HALL, PA.
Would most respectfully inform the citizens of this vicinity, that he has started a new Boot and Shoe Shop, and would be thankful for a share of the public patronage. Boots and Shoes made to order and according to style, and warrants his work to equal any made elsewhere. All kinds of repairing done, and charges reasonable. Give him a call. feb 13 ly

CUMMINGS HOUSE
-o-o-
Bellefonte, PA.
ISAAC MILLER, Proprietor.
The Cummings House, on Bishop street, is one of the pleasantest located hotels in the town. It has the best stables in the place, has an excellent livery attached and every attention will be paid guests. No pains will be spared to make it a pleasant and agreeable stopping place for the public. Boarding by the day or week, and rates charged will always be found very low. june 17.

BEATTY PIANO!
ENDORSED BY THE HIGHEST MUSICAL authorities throughout the world as THE BEST. D. F. BEATTY, Proprietor, Washington, N. J.

FOR FARMERS AND ALL OTHER
Go to
I. Guggenheimer.
FOR FOREIGN & DOMESTIC
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
READY MADE CLOTHING,
DRESSGOODS,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES
CLOTHING, OIL CLOTHS
AND FANCY ARTICLES
QUEENSWARE, GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FLOUR, &c
and is now prepared to accomodate all his old customers, and to welcome all new ones who may favor him with their patronage. He feels safe in saying that he can please the most fastidious Call and see.
ISAAC GUGGENHEIMER.
P. S.—Mr. Sussman still continues to deal in
LEATHER AND SHOE-FINDINGS,
CLOVER and TIMOTHY SEEDS,
in the old room, where he may always be found. 12ap.tf.

THE undersigned, determined to meet the popular demand for Lower Prices, respectfully calls the attention of the public to his stock of
SADDLERY,
now offered at the old stand. Designed especially for the people and the times, the largest and most varied and complete assortment of
Saddles, Harness, Collars, Bridles,
of every description and quality; Whips, and in fact everything to complete a first-class establishment, he now offers at prices which will suit the times
JACOB DINGES, Centre Hall

Chas. H. Held,
Clock, Watchmaker & Jeweler
Millheim, Centre Co., Pa.
all kinds of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry of the latest styles, as also the Maranville Patent Calender Clocks, provided with a complete index of the month, and day of the month and week on its face, which is warranted as a perfect time-keeper.
☞Clocks, Watches and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted.

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE.
BELLEFONTE, PA.
E. PERKS & SON, Prop'rs.
This well known hotel, situate in the business portion of the town, has been thoroughly renovated, repainted and furnished new. It will be the aim of the proprietors to make it a pleasant Home for those whomay favor them with their patronage. A free carriage is run to the depot, and the best stables in town are connected with the House. 29apr.

BEATTY PIANO!
This splendid Piano Forte combines every improvement in tone with power and great durability, and has received the unqualified endorsements of the highest Musical authorities for its Marvellous extraordinary richness of Tone, having NO SUPERIOR IN THE WORLD. Large size, 7½ Octaves, overstrung Bass, full Iron Frame, French Grand action, Fret Desk, Carved Pedal, Solid Rosewood Mouldings, Ivory Key Front, Capped Hammers, a Graffe Treble, &c., &c., &c. Weight when boxed over One Thousand Pounds. Liberal discount to the trade. Agents Wanted—(male or female.)
☞Send stamp for Circular. Address the inventor and Proprietor, DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

C. PECK'S
Coach Manufactory.
CENTRE HALL, PA.
The undersigned has opened a new establishment, at his new shops, for the manufacture of
Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,
SLEIGHS AND SLEDS,
PLAIN AND FANCY
of every description.
All vehicles manufactured by him are warranted to render satisfaction, and as equal to any work done elsewhere.
He uses none but the best material, and employs the most skillful workmen. Hence they flatter themselves that their work can not be excelled for durability and finish.
Orders from a distance promptly attended to.
Come and examine my work before contracting elsewhere.
PRICES REASONABLE,
All kinds of Reparing done.

NEW HARDWARE STORE.
J. & J. HARRIS.
No. 5, BROCKERHOFF ROW.
A new and complete Hardware Store has been opened by the undersigned in Brockerhoff's new building—where they are prepared to sell all kinds of Building and House Furnishing Hardware, Iron, Steel Nails.
Buggy wheels in setts, Champion Clothes Wringer, Mill Saws, Circular and Hand Saws, Tennon Saws, Webb Saws, Ice Cream Freezers, Bath Tubs, Clothes Racks, a full assortment of Glass and Mirror Plate of all sizes, Picture Frames, Wheelbarrows, Lamps, Coal Oil Lamps, Belting, Spokes, Felloes, and Hubs, Plows, Cultivators, Corn Plows, Plow Points, Shear Mold Boards and Cultivator Teeth, table Cutlery, Shovels, Spades and Forks, Locks, Hinges, Screws, Sash Springs, Horse-Shoes, Nails, Norway Rods, Oils, Lard, Lubricating Coal, Linseed, Tanners, Anvils, Vices, Bellows. Screw Plates, Blacksmiths Tools, Factory Bells, Tea Bells, Grindstones, Carpenter Tools, Fruit Jars and Cans, Paint, Oils, Varnishes received and for sale at
june5'68-tf. J. & J. HARRIS.

THE ADJUSTABLE

SPRING BED.
The Best and Cheapest now in Use. Manufactured by
DANIEL DERR, Bellefonte, Penn'a.
☞Call and see them before purchasing other. 1apr.y

BLYMYER MANUFACTURING CO'S BELLS.
SCHOOL CHURCH FIRE ALARM
Fine toned, low priced, warranted against breakage. Catalogues containing full particulars, prices, etc., sent free. BLYMYER MANUFACTURING CO. Cincinnati, O.

"THEY SAY."

They say—ah! well, suppose they do,
But can they prove the story true?
Suspicions may arise from nought
But malice, envy, want of thought;
Why count yourself among the "they"
Who whisper what they dare not say?

They say—but why the tale rehearse,
And help to make the matter worse?
No good can possibly accrue
From telling what may be untrue:
And is it not a nobler plan
To speak of all the best you can?

They say—well, if it should be so,
Why need you tell the tale of woe?
Will it the better work redress,
Or make one pang of sorrow less?
Will it the erring one restore
Henceforth to "go and sin no more?"

They say—Oh! pause and look within;
See how thy heart inclines to sin.
Watch, lest in dark temptation's hour,
Thou, too, should sink beneath its power.
Pity the frail, weep o'er their fall,
But speak of good or not at all.

Luke's Love-Making.

BY MARY RANDOLPH.

"Oh, confound it!" said Luke Tressaly.

Well! who wouldn't have been tempted to use rather a strong word, to stumble into such a maelstrom of soap-suds, scrubbing-brushes and mops? Cleaning house, indeed—the words are all insufficient to express the forlornity of that once cheerful room.

"And this comes of boarding," said Luke to himself, when he was fairly in the open air.

"If I wasn't such a miserable poltroon about such things, I would ask Jenny Hope to have me. I'll take a little house somewhere and get Jenny Hope to recommend some nice old woman who knows how to roast partridges and darn stockings, and make coffee, and iron shirts."

And Luke Tressaly proceeded merrily towards the brown stone casket that held his heart's dearest jewel, whistling Yankee Doodle and stroking his brown moustache in a very enviable frame of mind.

Now, what was there in a tall, slender-waisted girl, brown eyed and pink-cheeked, with a mischievous dimpled mouth, that should reduce a six-footer like Luke Tressaly to speechless confusion? Yet the dewy light of Jenny Hope's eyes made a coward of him at once!

So he sat, twirling his fingers and watching the shine of Jenny's needle, and wondering what he had better say first, until, at length, after fifteen minutes embarrassed silence, he plunged headlong into his subject.

"Miss Jenny!"

"Well, Mr. Tressaly?"

"I'm thinking of going to housekeeping."

"Are you, Mr. Tressaly?" Jenny bent lower over her work to bite off a refractory thread, and grew scarlet.

"Yes. The fact is, I'm tired to death of boarding, and I think it would be a nice change, and—and—I fancied you might recommend a housekeeper."

"A housekeeper? what sort of one, Mr. Tressaly?"

"Oh, some nice old woman or another—somebody who can make a snug little home!"

Jenny's eyes sparkled, and her pretty brows contracted with a momentary twitch. Luke stared, and wondered what he had said to vex Miss Hope.

"I think I can recommend the very person you want," said Miss Hope, curving her lip.

"Can you? Oh, Miss Jenny, I shall be a thousand times obliged to you. I'll engage her immediately, and I can look up the house afterward, you know. Who is she?"

"Well, it's my aunt, Miss Zeruiah Plant—she's staying here now, and it has always been her ambition to assume the charge of a gentleman's household. I'll call her at once and you can settle preliminaries as soon as you please."

Miss Jenny swept out of the room with the steps of a tragedy queen. Luke followed her with his eyes until the door was closed, and then leaned back in his chair with a deep sigh.

"I'd give a thousand dollars if I only dared ask that girl to marry me!"

Miss Plant was feeding her gray parrots when Jenny came into her room. She was not young, moreover, she was not pretty, and she wore spectacles and a "false front," yet Miss Plant was still on the *qui vive* for a chance in the lottery matrimonial.

"Aunt, dear," said Jenny, demurely, "I have just received a proposal for you."

"For me? Oh, go 'long," tittered Miss Plant, dropping the lump of sugar she was about to regale Pretty Polly with.

"No, but Aunt Zeruiah, I'm in earnest."

"Who is it?" said Zeruiah, putting her hand on her heart, and mechanically feeling to see if her glossy black curls were all straight.

"Mr. Tressaly. He wants to go to housekeeping, and needs some lady of mature judgement to preside over his household—so go in and see him!"

"Gracious me?" faltered Aunt Zeruiah.

"Wonder if I hadn't better put on my green satin gown with the bulge trimmin'?"

"O pshaw—you're well enough," said Jenny. Besides, he is in a hurry—and think what the consequences would be if you were to miss such an eligible opportunity as this!"

Miss Zeruiah waited to hear no more, but made a dive for the door, leaving Jenny to finish the ministration to the gray parrot at her leisure.

"You sent for me, sir," said Miss Zeruiah, tripping into the parlor, and sinking with girlish confusion into an easy chair opposite Mr. Tressaly.

"Yes," said Luke, unconsciously. "I wished for a capable housekeeper. Do you think you would be willing to take charge of my home?"

"Yes," giggled Miss Plant, hiding her blushes in a lilac-edged pockethandkerchief. "That is, if you don't think me unmaidenly in so soon giving my consent."

Luke started—he thought Miss Plant a very good woman—but, nevertheless, he went on.

"I'm very particular about my coffee—I suppose you understand all these little details?"

"Of course I do," said Aunt Zeruiah, "I can cook first-rate, though I say it—who shouldn't say it? My coffee's as clear as wine, and I'm great on biled cakes."

"Are you?" said Luke, rather puzzled "Well, I think we may consider this an engagement."

"I calc'late so," said Miss Plant again taking refuge in her lace bordered handkerchief.

"I should like you to come as soon as possible, as I wish to engage a house immediately," said Luke, rising.

"Oh, certainly," smiled Miss Zeruiah. "When is it to be?"

"When is what to be?"

"Why—how embarrassing—the wedding!"

"What wedding?"

"Why—ours, to be sure! Ain't we going to be married?"

"My good woman," said Tressaly, turning red to the roots of his hair, "here is some enormous mistake. I merely wished to engage a housekeeper—I never dreamed of proposing to you!"

"Well, I'm sure!" shrieked Miss Zeruiah, every false curl bristling with her agitation. "I'll have you to know that I don't need to go out to service—and I'm as good as you be, any day of the week! And if you calculate to insult a poor, lone woman, you'll find out you've waked up the wrong passenger! I'll prosecute you, I will, you good-for-nothin', stuck up, hairy-faced dandy! I'll sue you for breach of promise—see if I don't!"

And Miss Plant rushed furiously from the room, leaving Luke in a state of astonished bewilderment difficult to describe.

"Upon my word, here's a pretty misunderstanding," quoth Luke aloud. "Fancy me married to that old maid. I'd rather board by all odds, for—Hush! What's that?"

It sounded like a suppressed giggle. Luke walked straight to the door whence the mysterious sound proceeded, and caught Miss Jennie Hope's two little resisting hands ere she could escape from her ambusbade.

"Don't, Mr. Tressaly!" said Jenny, between her merry bursts of laughter.

"I will!" said Luke, undauntedly. "It serves you right for laughing at me!"

"And you don't want to marry Aunt Zeruiah after all?" said Jenny, her brown eyes beaming with fun. "Why, I thought you wanted a housekeeper?"

"So I do," quoth the valiant Luke.

"Then why don't you marry Aunt Zeruiah?"

"Because I had rather marry you!"

"Nonsense, Mr. Tressaly!" faltered Jenny, turning rose-red, and trying desperately to escape.

"No, it isn't nonsense, Jenny," said Luke, stooping down to get a better look into the blushing, averted face. "Seriously, Jenny, will you have me? No—you shan't go until I have an answer, my heart's little queen. Yes or no—will you marry me?"

"I—suppose—so," said Jenny, with a mischievous sparkle through her downcast lashes, "that is, if you and Aunt Zeruiah can't come to any understanding!"

Luke Tressaly paid Miss Jenny on the spot for that arrow of sarcasm. How he did so, don't particularly concern anybody. Does it? All that we have anything to do with is the fact that Luke Tressaly did set up housekeeping some three months subsequently, with brown-eyed Mrs. Jenny to preside over the coffee and partridges.

And he says he likes it better than boarding.

Marrying the Wrong Woman.

Haskell has been visiting a pretty girl up town, who is very wealthy; and with an eye to business, thought he could marry her and handle the funds when the old man died; so he worked hard to line his nest with feathery greenbacks. The girl told him frankly that she did not love him, but "faint heart never won fair lady," and he persevered. Again the young lady told him her father would object to a marriage with him; then he boldly proposed an elopement, and there seemed to be so much romance in this proposition, that the girl at last yielded to his importunities, and agreed to run off with him and get married.

Now this pretty girl, as plump as a dove, had a penniless maiden aunt, as ugly as an owl and as scrawny as a fence rail, who was very anxious to marry—an unusual thing for a maiden aunt of thirty-five.

The night at last arrived for the elopement, and everything was propitious, dark and rainy. It was just such a night as was needed for a safe escape. The clandestine carriage drove up, Haskell hurried his blushing fair one into it and rapidly they sped away to the shores of Jersey to be made one. Haskell was in ecstasies; his golden dream of wealth was to be realized; he could see it all in his imagination—first the displeasure of his father-in-law, then the reconciliation, and then he'd be received into the bosom of the family, and wouldn't do anything but live off the old man and have a gay time.

They drove up to a little parsonage in Jersey City, and stood up by the light of a flickering candle, with the minister and requisite witnesses, and were made one. Then Haskell, in his delirious joy, turned and raised the bridal veil to kiss his fair, young bride—when, oh, horror! he found that he was married to the penniless maiden aunt. The roguish girl had played it fine on him; and, knowing his mercenary motive, had substituted the aunt in her place—and to add to his misery, cards are now out for the young lady's marriage with a well-known young man up town.

The whole family stood at the window that night watching Haskell steal the maiden aunt away, and the old gentleman, her brother-in-law, says he'll set them up for housekeeping in a plot up town, and then they must scratch for themselves.

Names of Countries.

The following countries, it is said, were originally named by the Phœnecians, the greatest commercial people in the world. The names, in the Phœnecian language, signify something characteristic of the places they designate. Europe signifies a country of white complexion, so named because the inhabitants were of a lighter complexion than those of Asia or Africa. Asia signifies between or in the middle, from the fact that geographers placed it in between Europe and Africa.

Africa signifies the land of crops, or ears. It was celebrated for its abundance of corn, and all sorts of grain. Siberia signifies thirst or dry—very characteristic. Spain, a country of rabbits or conies. It was once so infested with these animals that they sued Augustus for an army to destroy them. Italy a country of pitch, from its yielding great quantities of black pitch. Calabria, also for the same reason. Gaul, modern France, signifies yellow haired, as yellow hair characterizes its inhabitants.

The English of Caledonia is a high hill. It was a rugged, mountainous province in Scotland. Hibernia is utmost, or last habitation; for beyond this westward, the Phœnecians never extended their voyage. Britain the country of tin, great quantities being found on it and adjacent islands Greeks called it Albion which signifies in the Phœnecian tongue either white or high mountains, from the whiteness of its shores, or the high rocks on the western coast.

Corsica signifies the footsteps of men which it resembles. Syracuse signifies bad savor, so-called from the unwholesome marsh on which it stood. Rhodes, serpents or dragons, which it produced in abundance. Sicily, the country of grapes. Scylla, the whirpool of destruction. Charybdis, the holds of destruction. Ætna signifies a furnace, or dark or smoky.

Climbing the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

The tower has such a strange effect upon you. You begin well enough; you see that the stairs are very steep in some places, and that the inner wall crowds down upon you in an unpleasant way. The effect is a little like being in the cabin of a ship at sea; you realize a kind of undulating motion, without having the visible cause of it before your eyes. We stopped to rest; a small window was at hand; we looked down into the interior of the tower. It was like a deep round shaft that had been sunk slant-wise; there was just enough slant to it to be unpleasant. We trudged on and on, and looked again. The tower was begining to move a little; we both saw it and felt it. The walls sagged very much; it was with some difficulty that we kept from slipping out of the door level with the stairs when the tower reeled over on our side. I wonder that we had the courage to complete the ascent. Towers have fallen before now; leaning towers are not expected to stand any longer than they choose to. The earth has sunk about the Pisa tower, so that you go down several steps to get to the door on the ground floor. We were near the top; the roofs of the city lay far below us; we caught giddy glimpses of the world from the openings in the wall—the tempting doors that invited us to step into eternity without waiting our turn. By this time the hollow of the tower looked like a monstrous funnel. We were stumbling over the stone stairs in an unpleasantly suggestive manner, when we came up to the top chamber were the great bells hang. Here we breathed more freely. The big bell, weighing six tons, hangs on the upper side of the tower, "to windward," as it were; the smaller bells take their chances on the down grade. This little fact relieved us, for we were still affected by the unsteadiness of the long, spiral stairway. While we were looking off upon the country from the turrets above the bell chamber, lo! all the bells began ringing right under our feet. The sensation was as if the tower were about to be shaken to pieces; every stone trembled perceptibly; the air was whistling about our ears; one man did it all! He sprang on to one of the bells and set it swinging, then leaping gaily on to another, and at last caught the big bell to windward and got its thick, black tongue in motion; so he skipped lightly from one to the other, dodging the roaring monsters as they heaved about him. Escape was impossible while this concert was in progress. We had only to wait and stop our ears, meanwhile trying to get interested in the landscape. The green hills were about us on the inland side; the country was as flat as a floor from Pisa to the sea. Away off in the corner by the shore lay Leghorn. Should we not go to Leghorn when it lies but an hour hence by rail? We thought it best, and as soon as the bells were quiet we went down that corkscrew stairway and came to the outer door in capital order. I had thought to receive the finishing touch on the way down, but, on the contrary, having become somewhat tangled during the ascent, I had only to descend to unravel it all, and come out precisely as I had entered.—*Charles Warren Stoddard.*

A Peep into the Locomotive Works.

It is only about fifty years since the first locomotive puffed along the first railway, dragging the first clumsy passenger-car. During each of those fifty years more than two thousand miles of rails have been laid, and in England and the United States every day of those fifty years has seen the completion of one locomotive and two passenger cars. Immense workshops are kept busy building locomotives and cars. They are generally near the principal depots of the great railway lines, and I know of no more interesting place where one can spend a part of his day in the depot. Each and every part of a locomotive must be made with the greatest precision and delicacy, and great machines are employed for hammering and cutting and punching and planing the iron into shape. You will find in these railway works, as the English say, or "locomotive works," as they are called in America, immense machines, possessing almost resistless power, yet driving only a little steel-pointed instrument like a chisel not bigger than one's little finger. It seems almost a waste of power to use such a giant to drive so slight a tool. But this delicate chisel digs its way little by little through the hardest of cold iron or steel, and planes it as smooth as ever the carpenter's plane trims wood, and it produces, too, shavings of iron as delicate as those of soft pine. Little shears, hardly bigger than a tailor's cut through iron as easily as through paper; and delicate steel punches drive their way through iron plates. In most of these works you will see also the Nasmyth steam-hammer, a mighty giant in power, but as docile as a lamb under the touch of a master hand. It is an immense shaft of iron, sliding up and down in a great wooden frame, and regulated in its movements so that it can strike a hard or soft, a quick or slow blow, as the engineer who directs it may wish. A heated shaft of iron a foot thick can be crushed, or a tack may be driven, by its blows. About twenty years ago, the Prime Minister of England, Lord John Russell, visiting the railway works at Manchester, was invited to eat a boiled egg for luncheon. Before giving him the egg, the master of the works put it in a small wine-glass and placed both under the great steam-hammer. The engineer set the giant at work; down rushed the shaft with the rapidity of a lightning flash and struck the egg, but so perfectly was the hammer regulated that the blow merely chipped the shell, crushing neither glass nor egg.—*St Nicholas.*

How They do It.

The waiters at a prominent hotel much affected by newly-married couples have hit upon an ingenious plan for increasing their revenues. Standing behind the bride's chair they profess in respectful dumb show the most unbounded admiration of the bride, and the most chaste envy of the bridegroom's happy lot. By the judicious use, in a stage-whisper, of such remarks as: "Don't she everlastingly lie over the Countess de Um-um that they used to consider the beauty av the Frinch Coort?" "You're talking,—she's the handsomest woman ever wriggled into this dining room." "And as witty and good as she is beautiful, too." "That's so,—I tell you that fellow is in luck," they manage materially to swell their incomes. One has already bought a block of houses on Ashland avenue and the other thinks of taking the hotel as soon as the present proprietor goes to join the innumerable caravan of insolvent hosts. Their wives, who are employed as chambermaids in the same house, have also organized a co-operative association, and when they see the bride tripping along the hall indulge audibly in such remarks as these: "Say, Kate, 138 has got an awfully handsome husband; hasn't she? Lord how the other girls must have envied her when she cut them all out!" "Yes, Jane, and he is so devoted to her. He seems to worship the very carpet she treads on, and never takes his eyes off her." Then they, in theatrical parlance, "discover" the bride, and retreat with confusion, waiting long enough, however, to have their currency inflated.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Blondes.

It is certain that this nineteenth century is to be a century of blondes, like the sixteenth, just as the seventeenth was that of the wig, and the eighteenth that of powder. All women are blondes nowadays. Brunettes make themselves blonde by the use of fairy waters, or simply by bathing their hair in ammonia. Some of them color, others discolor—it is a miracle of chemistry. When, twenty-five years ago, a young actress first had the fancy of making herself blonde, "for a change," as she said, she never imagined she was introducing a fashion. Now, both the New World and the Old have gone mad over it—all women want to be blonde, especially those who are gray. Silly violation of nature—for what is more sacred than a crown of white hair? And has not dark beauty its characteristic attraction as well as the fair? Probably this inordinate admiration of golden hair arises from the fact that light is the ideal of all beauty. Apollo was all disheveled with light. Homer compares all his goddesses and mortals to the golden Venus. In history and in fashion, therefore, we see the blondes triumphant, until such times as the brunettes regain their empire.

Presence of Mind in Accidents.

Professor Wilder gives these short rules for action in case of accident: For dust in the eyes, avoid rubbing, and dash water into them; remove cinders, etc.' with the round end of a lead pencil. Remove insects from the ear by tepid water; never put a hard instrument into the ear. If an artery is cut, compress below. If choked, get upon all fours and cough. For light burns, dip the part in cold water. Smother a fire with carpets, etc.; water will often spread burning oil, and increase the danger. Before passing through smoke take a full breath, and then stoop low; but if carbon is suspected walk erect. Suck poisoned wounds unless your mouth is sore. Enlarge the wound, or better, cut out the part without delay. Hold the wounded part as long as it can be borne to a hot coal or end of a cigar. In case of poisoning, excite vomiting by tickling the throat, or by hot mustard. For acid poisons, give acids; in case of opium poisoning, give strong coffee and keep moving. If you fall into water, float on the back, with the nose and mouth projecting. For apoplexy raise the head and body; for fainting, lay the person flat.

A Goose Herd.

And then there was the goose-rancher—a fellow who drove a hundred geese before him about the city and tried to sell them. He had a pole ten feet long, with a crook in the end of it, and occasionally a goose would branch out from the flock and make a lively break around the corner with wings half lifted and neck stretched to the utmost. Did the goose merchant get excited? No. He took his pole and reached after the goose with unspeakable sangfroid, took a hitch around his neck, and "yanked" him back to his place in the flock without an effort. He steered his geese with that stick as another man would steer a yawl. A few hours afterward we saw him sitting on a stone at the corner, in the midst of the turmoil, sound asleep in the sun, with his geese squatting around him or dodging out of the way of asses and men. We came by again within the hour, and he was taking account of stock to see whether any of his flock had strayed or been stolen. The way he did it was unique. He put the end of his stick within six inches of a stone wall, and made the geese march in single file between it and the wall. He counted them as they went by. There was no dodging that arrangement.—*Chiun News.*

AGRICULTURAL.

Preservation of Sweet Potatoes.—A New Jersey correspondent of the *Germantown Telegraph* writes thus: It is very desirable to have the sweet-potato crop mature as early in the fall as possible, as they are better and more apt to keep well. To fit them for preservation they must be lifted before the weather indicates a large degree of cold sufficient to freeze the ground, or in this latitude, before the 15th of October. Those intended for winter storage should be gathered before any frost wilts the vines, or about the last of September, or first of October, put up in barrels or shallow boxes, and placed in a dry, warm situation. When placed in barrels in the open field, and carefully handled, they will be more readily preserved during the winter, other circumstances being favorable—slight bruising from rough carriage proving injurious to them if designed for winter use. When large quantities are reserved for spring sales, houses are erected expressly for their protection. These are generally two stories high, built of wood, and so arranged that the potatoes may be stored therein in boxes about two feet deep, placed in tiers, with space of a few inches between for ventilation, and extending from side to side of the house to within a foot of the weather-boarding. The boxes are framed together at the ends with keys, to be taken apart when not in use. The source of heat is a fire in the cellar, from which warm air is caused to circulate equally and freely throughout the building. This arranged and carefully tended, maintaining a nearly uniform moderate heat, sweet-potatoes may be preserved until late in the following spring.—No chaff, shavings or other material is needed; careful packing and handling and uniform moderate heat or keeping in an even temperature and not too low—say from 55 to 65 degrees—being the only requisites for the maintainment of perfect success in the preservation, for the entire season, of this admirable tuber.

Loss of Young Pigs.—Sows with heavy litters, especially young sows, and with winter litters, sometimes lose their young, the milk from the sow seeming to be poisonous. A thoroughbred Berkshire sow threw a fine litter of pigs, November last, some ten in number. The sow was in excellent flesh, not too fat, and there was every prospect of the litter doing well. She was fed liberally, and until about a week old, the little porkers grew finely. About this time, without any apparent cause, one was found dead. She had not laid on it, for guards or fenders were placed all around the pen, and there were no marks which would lead one to suppose it had been crushed. Soon another dropped off, and yet another, until four of the little dark swiners had gone. The remaining ones were four weeks old now, and entirely removed from the sow, and at once did well. While with the sow, they remained very poor, notwithstanding they had a trough to themselves, at all times supplied with milk. Her first litter (this being the second) did splendidly. There are several reasons for her milk proving injurious. She had been bred entirely too young, had too heavy a litter for so young a sow, and the pen faced the north. Despite cleaning it out twice a week, it would remain damp. The sow was constipated. The remedy is, having the pen facing the south, and keeping the sow from being constipated. Sulphur is an excellent remedy for constipation in animals and purifying the blood. The dose consists of one teaspoonful daily, given in a bucket of slop, from two to four doses being generally sufficient; or, what is better, give laxative food, such as boiled flax seed, or even oil meal. These will cure constipation.—*Live-stock Journal.*

Poultry.—Poultry breeding has now come to be regarded as important a branch of farm industry as the raising of swine and sheep. In one sense it is of more importance, in that it is not every farmer who can keep sheep or swine with advantage, but every one who owns or rents a plot of ground, if only the size of a city lot, can keep a few head of poultry with both pleasure and profit. When taking into consideration the vast number of eggs consumed in the United States—the city of New York alone using during the year 1872 upwards of 340,000,000, costing at wholesale, about $6,292,000—and when we note the immense number of tons of poultry sold in all the large cities of the Union, we cannot call the poultry interest one of minor importance. Yet it is but a few years since the name of poultry seemed to convey the idea of insignificance. Now, however, the proprietors of large stock farms have their flocks of pure bred fowls, which get their share of attention and study, as well as the horned cattle and horses; and the net income from a well managed poultry yard is no small addition to the farm receipts.—*Poultry Record.*

Shelter for Wheat.—Although there is a division of opinion as to what constitutes the best protection for fruit farms—particularly for peaches—there is, however, no question of the value of shelter belts of woodland or hedges for the protection of wheat. Mr. Carpenter a prominent farmer of Oakland county, many years ago planted a hedge of white willow along one side of his farm. He is now reaping an advantage from it not contemplated in setting it out. The hedge having grown up very tall, and by judicious management well thickened, forms an abundant shelter for wheat. The snow which otherwise would be blown off from the field is retained, and forms a mantle of protection. Without the growth of similar shelter belts the production of winter wheat will become more precarious and soon we shall have to follow in the footsteps of our neighbor further west, and depend upon spring wheat for bread.—[*Detroit Free Press.*

Potato Culture.—The Telliez process of planting potatoes, horticultural rather than agricultural, consists in being able to have new potatoes in January and February, equal to those ordinarily produced in May and June. Having selected a light friable soil, at least 12 inches in depth; make a hole 10 inches deep, place a little manure therein, then fill in the soil. The holes ought to be two feet apart. The seed potatoes should be preserved in charcoal dust, till the first of August, the moment for planting, and be steeped for one hour beforehand, in a solution of half a pound of salt and one quart of water; about the middle of September, mould, and at the same period in October weed, and earth up irrespective of the faded stems; the tubercles will increase under-ground, independent of all exterior vegetation, and may be gathered in the early part of January, although they will not be fully ripe till the close of February.

Growing Special Crops.—One of our exchanges having been asked for advice with regard to embarking largely into the production of two special crops to the exclusion of others, gives the following sensible advice, which we commend to the attention of any of our readers who may have the "special crop fever." "We have seen so many failures result from undertaking to grow special crops to the exclusion of all others, that we must discourage you from attempting to cultivate either of the articles named. In growing any one crop largely we must first ascertain if it is suited to our soil and climate; next, where can we dispose of it readily? and then, will it pay? Our advice is to start in a small way and learn gradually an answer to all our inquiries. Experience is the best adviser; as what might prove the most profitable in the vicinity of New York might easily be a losing crop with you.

Care of Implements.—Don't leave your implements out in the weather. A great many farmers are too remiss about this important matter. They do not often see beyond the first cost of new tools, forgetting the constant accumulations of interest which roll up into vast sums. Costly machines and tools are often injured more by exposure to sun and storm than by use.

Small boy in a grocer's store—"How do you sell these figs?" "Two for three cents." "Well, le's see; that's one for two cents and one for one cent, ain't it?" "Yes." "Well, I'll take the one cent one." "Yes, yes, young man, eat all you want."

SCIENTIFIC.

Hints in Hygiene.—From a number of that most excellent journal the *Herald of Health*, we compile the following practical hints for the preservation of health:—*Carbonic Oxide* is a colorless and almost inodorous gas, containing one part of oxygen less than carbonic acid. It may be seen burning with a beautiful blue flame on the top of newly fed coal fire. It is much more poisonous than carbonic acid, and must be guarded against with care. It forms abundantly in our coal stoves, and presses through their cracks and joints into our rooms. It escapes from the gas flame when the pressure is so great that more gas flows than can be burned; it forms and escapes from charcoal burning in the open air or in fireplaces, and may escape into sleeping rooms through open stove pipes or broken flues in chimneys, or half burning wood behind the ceiling, in this greatly injuring those sleeping therein. Even the ordinary smoke that escapes from smoky stoves and fireplaces may contain it, and persons thus breathing it be injured thereby. One of the effects of carbonic oxide on the blood is that its power to take in oxygen is greatly lessened, and the separation of carbonic acid from the blood retarded.—*Candle-wick gas.*—The composition of this smoke is carburreted hydrogen, carbonic oxide, burnt olein, etc. When putting out a candle light before going to bed, always do it so that there shall be no burning wick left to poison the air of the room.—*Baked air.*—When the air is passed through a hot furnace and heated to a high degree, and then passed into a room, such air should be called baked air, and it is about as bad a form of lung food as can be taken. Nothing but headache, faintness, drowsiness, and dullness can come from its use.

The War Kite.—Mr. Simmons, the aeronaut, who is the inventor and patentee of a machine named the parakite, lately made a somewhat successful experiment with this invention at the Alexandria Palace, London. The machine used on this occasion was 30 feet high and 30 feet wide. As soon as the sail was fixed over the framework, and the front or windward point of the parakite was raised so as to allow the wind to touch the machine on its under surface, it was instantly converted into a concave form and showed symptoms of rising. The wind was blowing at the rate of not more than two miles an hour; but with this slight breeze Mr. Simmons was carried into the air. We understand that these experiments will be repeated a few times previously to public demonstrations; and should they continue to be successful, the invention can be put to practical utility for war purposes, engineering, and signaling, where it is necessary to attain lofty elevations. The machine above referred to covers an area of 700 superficial feet, and its entire weight is 100 lbs. The inventor asserts that it can be used successfully in any wind ranging between 4 and 40 miles an hour, and an altitude of from 600 to 1,000 feet can be attained.

Wonders of Chemistry.—The tomato vine, which furnishes food so palatable to almost every one, belongs to the same family of plants as the deadly nightshade which attains such a rank growth in the edge of swamps and by the shady roadside, and which all children are educated so cautiously to shun.

Aquafortis and the air we breathe are made of the same materials.

Linen, sugar, and spirits of wine are so much alike in their chemical composition that an old shirt can be converted into its own weight in sugar and the sugar into spirits of wine.

Wine is made of two substances, one of which is the cause of almost all combustion, and the other will burn with more rapidity than anything else in nature.

The famous Peruvian bark, so much used to strengthen weak stomachs, and the poisonous principle of opium, are found to be composed of the same materials.

Detection of Arsenic in the Air of Rooms.—H. Fleck has shown in a series of interesting and important experiments that there is arseniuretted hydrogen in the air of rooms, the walls or the carpets of which are colored with Schweinfurth green. The dust of arsenic mechanically diffused in the air is therefore not the only cause of chronic arsenical poisoning. We must add the arseniurreted hydrogen gas evolved from the decomposition of the free arsenious acid existing in the green. The experiments of Fleck prove that this gas is liberated under the joint action of organic matter and moist air, and its presence is therefore possible wherever free arsenious acid comes in contact with organic matter.—*Zeitschrift fur Biologie.*

Dotting Pens.—An ingenious little apparatus for assisting in mechanical drawing, has been patented by its inventor, E. O. Richter, a watchmaker in Chemnitz, Saxony. In machine drawing, projections, and the like, the drawing, of dotted, half dotted, or stroke lines is a mechanical task, the wearisomeness of which this apparatus is designed to relieve. An upright plate, sliding on the paper, has on its lower edge a toothed wheel catching in a bent lever which carries the pen point. A spring keeps the pen close to the paper. The wheel is kept in position by an adjustable plate. Wheels of various patterns can be used for producing a mixture of dots and strokes, the length and variations of which correspond to the indentations on the circumference of the wheel.

Cure for Love of Liquor.—At a festival at a reformatory institution, recently, a gentleman said, of the cure of the use of intoxicating drinks: "I overcame the appetite by a recipe given to me by old Dr. Hatfield, one of those good old physicians who do not have a percentage from a neighboring druggist. The prescription is simply an orange every morning a half an hour before breakfast. 'Take that,' said the docter, 'and you will neither want liquor nor medicine.' I have done so regularly, and find that liquor has become repulsive The taste of the orange is in the saliva of my tongue, and it would be as well to mix water and oil as rum with my taste."

School Room Deformities.—The bodies of growing children are soft and tender, easily made to grow in either a normal or abnormal shape. Now to grow normally requires constant change of position and freedom of limb. It also requires exercise to make the blood flow and load it with fresh air. Now confinement in a school room, unless strict attention is given to air and exercise, prevents their free development and causes deformity. The only remedy is to make physical culture as prominent as mental, a thing not yet done by any means in even the best schools.

Method of Increasing the Brilliancy and Silkiness of Dyed Goods.—MM. Gillet et Fils, of Belgium, have adopted, and apparently patented, a simple process for this purpose. In addition to the beating by hand or by mechanical power of the dyed silk when in a wet state, they beat it again when dyed and dry, and say that the effect is surprising. They use the same means as in the former case, hand power, the Dashwell machine, beaters, or even fulling mills. The method is said to be equally effective for silk and any other textile material whatever.

Counterfeit Graham Flour.—Nearly all the Graham flour sold in New York, and perhaps in other large cities, is bogus. It is made by mixing the coarsest of the bran with either spoiled flour or with white flour which may not be spoiled. This flour is made into bread by bakers and sold to dyspectics who think it wholesome, but it is a poor substitute for the genuine article. Those who want a genuine article must either make it with a home mill, or have it made to order by an honest miller.

When the air moves at the rate of two feet in a second, most people will be sensible of a draft, and if the air is cold it will be felt at a less rapid rate. Now a draft is where a current is felt, and in ventilating our rooms in cold weather the air should move through the rooms so as not to be too much more rapid than this. In hot weather it may move more rapidly.

Cavendish showed that nitrogen and oxygen in air formed a mixture only, but that the passage of electric sparks produced their chemical combination—nitric acid being the result.

DOMESTIC.

How to Sweep.—Sweeping, for a well woman, is one of the best kinds of exercise. It calls in play especially the muscles of the upper extremities and chest, and, indeed, it is a pretty good "thorough exerciser," almost too strong for any woman with a weak back, though this depends very much on what is to be swept. A painted floor and Canton matting sweep easily; an ingrain carpet is harder; a rag carpet harder still; while Brussels and velvet are "awful." Well, then, in any case, cover your head, and, if in the parlor or sitting-room, cover your furniture and books, dampen your broom, let it stand ten to twenty minutes, and then sweep carefully, but persistently. In the corners insert your broom repeatedly (but not frantically) until quite clean. Heavy carpets are best swept with a quick, short stroke. In any case bring the broom towards you or even with you; do not flirt it in front of you. That motion kicks up a dust which is bad for the lungs. Some things, like straws, ravelings, and bits of paper, are best picked up with the hand or with a small broom, to which they readily cling, and may be removed with the other hand. To conclude, have as few carpets as possible. They are dirty, unwholesome, and expensive. Painted or oiled floors and Canton matting are better.—*Science of Health.*

How to Wash Blankets.—To wash blankets, have an abundance of hot water in which borax has been dissolved, and soap without a bit of rosin in it, as rosin always hardens the fibre of the wool. Put the suds in the washer or pounding barrel, and then put in it the blanket; after all the dirt has been removed, wring through the wringer, and then put into a tub of scalding hot water, with a little blueing in it. Wring from this, and hang at once in the open air to dry. If the water is abundant and soft, and the soap of the right quality, blankets thus washed will not shrink, and will be as soft and fleecy as when they came from the store. As a general rule the cleaner beds and beddings are the more warmth and comfort do they possess; hence airing and cleansing are of constant service, and the first should not be neglected even for a day. The custom of making one's bed as soon as one is up is as filthy as it is unhygienic. It should be left open until at least a portion of the pound of insensible perspiration that has been absorbed by it during the night has had time to pass away.

Starching Linen.—The following is recommended by a German journal: Make a liquid paste with good fine wheat starch and cold water, and then stir in boiling water until a stiff paste is formed, and immediately add white wax, or stearine, say about one ounce of wax to one pound of starch (the exact proportions, however, in any case can only be determined by experience). If it is desirable that the linen should be very stiff, powdered gum arabic may be added to the cold water with which the starch is mixed. The strained starch should be thoroughly rubbed into the articles after they have been well rung out, after which they should be placed between dry cloths and passed through the mangle, and then rubbed on an ironing-board in one direction with a soft rag, to distribute any lumps of starch. Collars, etc., should be ironed dry with a hot iron and considerable pressure. The sticking of the iron may be prevented by drawing it while hot over wax, and wiping it with a rag dipped in salt.

Preserving Fruit.—For the preservation of all kinds of fruit use glass bottles or jars. Select those of even thinness, for they are often exposed to considerable heat. To close them airtight, corks will not do. We recommend waxed cloth, tied over the jar, as a substitute at once cheap and effective. Prepare in this manner: Melt together some resin, beeswax and tallow, in equal parts; tear the cloth in strips four inches wide, at least wide enough conveniently to tie over the mouth of the jar, and draw them through the hot wax. After the jar is filled with hot preserves, and while still hot, close the mouth and bind it with good linen cord. Trim off as much of the cloth as is desirable and dip it in some melted wax, made with only about half as much tallow. Sealing-wax may be used instead, if desired. The jars should be put where the wax will cool at once, so that the exhaustion caused by the cooling of the preserves and the condensation of the steam may not cause the wax to run through the cloth.

Treatment of Sore Throat.—In cases of ordinary sore throat, the simplest and best treatment is the wet pack, using a linen cloth wrung from cold water, and over this a knit or crocheted yard band, four feet long and four inches wide. Apply this two or three nights in succession, unless it is a very serious case, when the pack should be kept on during the day. If taken off in the morning, wash the throat in very cold water, and rub dry with a coarse towel and with the hand. This will prevent taking more cold. The more friction used the better; let it be a sort of squeezing of the parts so as to affect the deep-seated tissues. Sore throats may be prevented by these means from becoming chronic.

A Parasol Pen-Wiper.—A very pretty pen-wiper can be made in the form of a closed parasol. Sharpen a thin wooden lead pencil that has an ivory tip. Cut a circle of silk, and another, somewhat smaller, of thin black cloth. Point or scallop the edges all around, pierce a hole in the center of each circle and run the point of the pencil through, leaving the silk circle on top. By a little ingenuity you can now crease, fold and secure these circles close to the handle, so that the whole will look precisely like a closed parasol; by experimenting first with a piece of paper you can best get the size of the circle required to suit your pencil.—*St. Nicholas.*

Bakers' Buns.—Mix 1½ pounds sugar with 2 pounds of flour, make a hole in the center of the flour and pour in half a pint of warm milk and two tablespoonfuls of yeast; make the whole into a batter and set the dish before the fire, covered up, until the leaven begins to ferment. Add to this, half a pound of of melted butter and milk enough to make a soft paste of all the flour, and let it rise again for half an hour. Shape the dough into buns and lay apart on a buttered tin in rows, to rise for half an hour. Bake in a quick oven. A few currants are added with the butter.

A Delightful Condiment.—Grate as much horseradish as will fill a breakfast cup; mix with it two teaspoonfuls of powdered white sugar and one each of salt and pepper; a desert spoonful of made mustard, and enough vinegar to make the whole as thick as a rich cream. A small cupful of cream is also a great improvement. To use with roast beef, the sauce is heated by being placed in a jar in the oven till warm, but it must not boil; and it is very good cold, to eat with various meats. Double the quantity can be made at a time, and it will keep for some weeks if bottled.

Veal Cutlets.—Pound the veal well, cut it into small pieces; beat up two or three eggs, into which dip the veal, then into crumbs of bread or pounded cracker (add, if liked, herbs with the eggs and pepper and salt). Fry the cutlets brown in lard; when done, take them out and pour into the pan a little milk or cream; dust in, also, a little flour; pour this gravy over the veal and send to table; stew some tomatoes, seasoned with pepper and salt, pour them into the gravy and let it stew together a few minutes; pour over the cutlets and serve.

Corn-fed hens do not lay in winter, for the simple reason there is no albumen material in the corn. When wheat is given to them, there is fat enough in it to supply all that is needed for the yolk, and albumen enough to make the white, and lime enough to furnish the shell; it does not thus seem difficult to understand why corn-fed hens should not lay, as they do not, and why wheat-fed hens should lay, as they do.

Wedding Pudding.—One cup of molasses, one cup of chopped raisins, one cup of milk, one-half cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, one desert spoonful of mixed spices, one egg, four cups of flour. Steam three hours.

HUMOROUS.

Finnegan's Friend.—Colonel Finnegan was a Florida planter, very wealthy and hospitable. Towards the poor he was always kind, and even the shiftless he would not turn coldly away. A man who had often been the subject of his bounty was named Jake Hartruff. Jake was a squatter in the woods, where he had a log cabin and a small clearing. Upon this ground he sometimes raised corn and with his gun captured game. Of the game, he ate the flesh, and the skins he traded for whisky. Long before the winter was over he was sure to be out of corn, in which emergency he would bring his bag to the Colonel for a supply, and the supply was generally furnished.

Once upon a time Jake came with his bag very early in the season—in fact, the winter had just set in.

"Why, how is this, Jake?" demanded Finnegan. "Seems to me you are rather early in your call for corn."

"Well, Colonel, fact is my crop failed this yer season."

"Failed? How is that? I thought it had been an uncommonly good season for corn."

"Yaas—I s'pose it has, Colonel but—ye see—I *forgot to plant!*"

How He Raised Her Hopes.—There was a woman passing the post-office slowly, yesterday, says the *Danbury News*. Her head was bent, and she was eyeing the pavement most intently. An elderly man accosted her:

"Lost anything?"

"Yes, sir, a breast-pin."

"Gold breast-pin?" he anxiously inquired.

"Yes sir," she eagerly replied.

"Pretty good size?" he suggested.

"Oh, yes, sir," said she, catching her breath in painful expectation.

"Well," said the elderly individual in a tone of sympathy, "I never lost a breast-pin myself, but I imagine it's no joke to lose one," and he walked thoughtfully on.

The Royal Road to Elegance.—Little Spiffkins (who can only afford one new suit per annum, but patronises a fashionable West End Tailor.) "O, by the bye, Mr. Brown, can you suggest any means by which I comld prevent my trousers from bagging at the knees?"

Mr. Brown. "Well, sir, there's only one way I know of, and that's what most of my customers do!"

Little Spiffkins. "Tell me! What is it?"

Mr. Brown. "Well, they order twenty or thirty pair at a time, sir!"—*Punch.*

The Way to Get Even.—There is only one way to get square with this Atlantic cable extortion, and that is to use the fewest possible words and the longest ones you can think of. Don't say, "I will come;" "father is sick;" "your draft is accepted," or use any of those terse expressions. Say "expeditiously I circumundulate;" "father pleuroperipneumoniacally degenerates" or some little simple thing of that nature, and then you'll get you moneys worth, even at seventy-five cents a word.

As cool a person, under the circumstances, as was ever heard of was a young nobleman, who, in a frightful railroad accident, missed his valet. One of the guardians came up to him and said, "My Lord, we have found your servant, but he is cut in two." "Aw, is he?" said the young man with a Dundreary drawl, but still with anxiety depicted on his countenance, "Will you be gwood enough to see in which half he has gwot the key to my carpet bag?"

"Papa, I want a new Bunker Hill," said a West-side girl yesterday morning. "A new Bunker Hill! What under the sun is that?" "Why, that's the name of the latest fall style of bonnet." "It is, eh? Why do they call it that?" "Oh, I don't know, papa." "Well, what does it cost?" "Only $50." "Oh, I see now why they call it 'Bunker Hill.'" "Why, papa?" "Because it's so high." "Oh, you horrid, dear papa. There."

A traveler, being at a coffee house with some gentlemen, was largely drawing on the credulity of the comprny. "Where did you say all these wonders happened, sir?" asked a gentleman present. "I really can't exactly say," replied the traveler; "but it was somewhere in Europe—Russia, I think." "I should rather think It-a-ly," returned his opponent.

The advantage of having a dress-reform woman for a wife: Time, midnight; scene, a bed-chamber; two pair of pants hanging over a chair; enter bloody-minded burglar; sees pants, "A'ha! curses on 'em! *one* man I would carve, *two* I will not face!" Exit burglar in alarm. Burglar deceived; only one man in bed; other pants belong to the wife.

The daughter of a clergyman in a parish not far from New Haven, after having charge of a baby all day while the folks were renovating the house, asked at night if she might pray for what she wished. The request being granted, she said her usual prayer, supplementing it with, "And please, Lord, don't let us have any more house-cleaning."

It is not always safe for the laity to prescribe medicine. A lady writes to the *Courier Journal* that her husband having heard that whisky was good for a snake bite, has been using it ever since a cow was bit, last Spring, though the poor thing died, in spite of it, six weeks ago!

A professor asked his class, "What is the aurora?" A student, scratching his head, replied, "well, professor, I did know, but I have forgotten." Well, that is sad, very sad," rejoined the professor. "The only man in the world that ever knew has forgotten it!"

"A night's sleep reduces the human weight about one pound." Ergo, a man weighing one hundred and twenty pounds, after enjoying one hundred and twenty one nights' sleep, would weigh one pound less than nothing—or wouldn't he?

Railway Humor.—Scene, Coatbridge Station. Late train. Two ladies at carriage window (age an unknown quantity). Ladies—"Porter! Porter! Our lamp has gone out." Stately Guard (looking down on them)—"Foolish virgins!"

An elderly maiden, who had suffered some disappointment, thus defines the human race: "Man, a conglomerated mass of hair, tobacco smoke, confusion, conceit and boots. Woman, the waiter, perforce, on the aforesaid animal."

What arrangements have you for extinguishing fire?" said Mr. Timidity to the landlord of a hotel out west where he proposed to spend the night. "There's a pitcher of water in every room Sir," responded Boniface.

"Was the crowd tumultuous?" inquired one man of another who had just come from a mass meeting. "Too multuous," replied the other. "Oh no, just about multuous enough to comfortably fill the hall."

Man (with hands in pockets):—Seen anything of a job o' work lately, John? Other man (with hands in other pockets:—Saw one t'other day, but didn't like to ask, 'cos they might 'a said yes.—*London Fun.*

An exchange says fashionable young people are calling upon somebody to invent a new dance. Suppose "somebody" invents one wherein the young lady dances around the house and looks after everything.

Mrs. Partington desires to know why the captain of a vessel can't keep a memorandum of the weight of his anchor, instead of weighing it every time he leaves port.

A young lady went to the photograph artist recently and wished him to take her picture with an expression as if composing a poem.

Why is a printing office like a well-regulated financial institution? Because there are plenty of quoins in the bank.

"Union is not always strength," as Sir Charles Napier said, when he saw the purser mixing his rum and water.

The coming key—turkey.

The Induced Current.—"It appeared as if the current, on its first rush through the primary wire, sought a purchase in the secondary one, and by a kind of kick, impelled backward through the latter an electric wave, which subsided as soon as the primary current was fully established."—*Tyndall.*

International Exhibition of 1876

U. S. Centennial Commission,
Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 24, 1875.

Messrs. Jno. R. Nagle & Co., having contracted with the Centennial Board of Finance, by and with the consent and approval of the United States Centennial Commission, for the exclusive right and privilege of publishing and selling the Official Catalogue of the International Exhibition of 1876 and of inserting advertisements therein, and said contract, together with the copyright of said Official Catalogue, having been transferred to the Centennial Catalogue Company, therefore said company and its agents are alone authorized to publish and sell the same, and no other catalogue or guide-book of the Exhibition containing advertisements will be permitted to be sold within said Exhibition Grounds.

(Signed) JOHN WELSH,
Pres't Centennial Board of Finance.
A. T. GOSHORN,
Director-Gen'l U. S. Centennial Commission.

Office of Centennial Catalogue Co.,
Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 1, 1875.

Messrs. S. M. Pettingill & Co., Advertising Ag'ts of Philadelphia, New York and Boston.

Gentlemen: This is to certify that we have this day appointed you our exclusive agents for the United States and Canada for the Advertising Department of the Official Catalogue of the Centennial Exhibition of 1876. Yours, respectfully,

JOHN S. MORTON, President.

S. M. Pettengill & Co.'s
Newspaper Advertising Agency,
New York, Dec. 2, 1875.

We are now ready to receive applications for space in the Official Catalogue of the Centennial Exhibition of 1876. As the advertising space is limited to *fifty-one* pages in the body of each book, those who want space should apply without delay to

S. M. PETTENGILL & CO.,
701 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
37 Park Row, New York.
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A Famous Medical Institution.

[From the "Chicago Times."]

"The name of Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., has become as familiar to the people all over the country as 'household words.' His wonderful remedies, his pamphlets and books, and his large medical experience, have brought him into prominence and given him a solid reputation. The *Times*, in the present issue, presents a whole-page communication from Dr. Pierce, and our readers may gain from it some idea of the vast proportions of his business and the merits of his medicines. He has at Buffalo a mammoth establishment, appropriately named 'The World's Dispensary,' where patients are treated, and the remedies compounded. Here nearly a hundred persons are employed in the several departments, and a corps of able and skilled physicians stand ready to alleviate the sufferings of humanity by the most approved methods. These physicians are in frequent consultation with Dr Pierce, and their combined experience is brought to bear on the successful treatment of obstinate cases. The Doctor is a man of a large experience, and his extensive knowledge of materia medica has been acknowledged by presentations of degrees from two of the first Medical Colleges in the land."

If you would patronize Medicines, scientifically prepared by a skilled Physician and Chemist, use Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines. Golden Medical Discovery is nutritious, tonic, alterative, and blood-cleansing, and an unequaled Cough Remedy; Pleasant Purgative Pellets, scarcely larger than mustard seeds, constitute an agreeable and reliable physic; Favorite Prescription, a remedy for debilitated females; Extract of Smart-Weed, a magical remedy for Pain, Bowel Complaints, and an unequaled Liniment for both human and horse-flesh; while his Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is known the world over as the greatest specific for Catarrh and "Cold in the Head" ever given to the public. They are sold by Druggists. 2

The Centennial Year

opens with a Great Centennial Concert at Fort Scott, Kansas, January 1st, 1876. Tickets $2. First Prize, Davidson's Opera House, worth $50,000; Second Prize, $20,000; and 7,686 prizes, from $5,000 down. The enterprise is endorsed by the best citizens of the State, and is the most liberal ever offered to the public For particulars address J. S. EMMERT, Fort Scott, Kansas.

Schenck's Mandrake Pills

Will be found to possess those qualities necessary to the total eradication of all bilious attacks, prompt to start the secretions of the liver and give a healthy tone to the entire system. Indeed, it is no ordinary discovery in medical science to have invented a remedy for these stubborn complaints, which develop all the results produced by a heretofore free use of calomel, a mineral justly dreaded by mankind, and acknowledged to be destructive in the extreme to the human system. That the properties of certain vegetables comprise all the virtues of calomel without its injurious tendencies, is now an admitted fact, rendered indisputable by scientific researches; and those who use the Mandrake Pills will be fully satisfied that the best medicines are those provided by nature in the common herbs and roots of the fields.

These pills open the bowels and correct all bilious derangements without salivation or any of the injurious effects of calomel or other poisons. The secretion of bile is promoted by these pills, as will be seen by the altered color of the stools, and disappearing of the sallow complexion and cleansing of the tongue.

Ample directions for use accompany each box of pills.

Prepared only by J. H. Schenck & Son, at their principal office, corner Sixth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, and for sale by all druggists and dealers. Price 25 cents per box.

20 FANCY CARDS, 7 styles, with name. 10c. Address J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, Reuss Co., N. Y. 12 13-1t

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The Universal Pain Extractor.
Note: Ask for POND'S EXTRACT.
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"Hear, for I will speak of excellent things."

POND'S EXTRACT—The great Vegetable Pain Destroyer. Has been in use over thirty years, and for cleanliness and prompt curative virtues cannot be excelled.

CHILDREN.—No family can afford to be without Pond's Extract. Accidents, Bruises, Contusions, Cuts, Sprains, are relieved almost instantly by external application. Promptly relieves pains or Burns, Scalds, Excoriations, Chafings, Old Sores, Boils, Felons, Corns, etc. Arrests inflamation, reduces swellings, stops bleeding, removes discolorations and heals rapidly.

FEMALE WEAKNESSES.—It always relieves pain in the back and loins, fullness and pressing pain in the head, nausea, vertigo.

IN LEUCORRHŒA it has no equal. All kinds of ulcerations to which ladies are subject are promptly cured. Fuller details in book accompanying each bottle.

PILES—blind or bleeding—meet prompt relief and ready cure. No case, however chronic or obstinate, can long resist its regular use.

VARICOSE VEINS.—It is the only sure cure for this distressing and dangerous condition.

KIDNEY DISEASES.—It has no equal for permanent cure.

BLEEDING from any cause. For this is a specific. It has saved hundreds of lives when all other remedies failed to arrest bleeding from nose, stomach, lungs, and elsewhere.

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PHYSICIANS of all schools who are acquainted with Pond's Extract of Witch Hazel recommend it in their practice. We have letters of commendation from hundreds of Physicians, many of whom order it for use in their own practice. In addition to the foregoing, they order its use for Swellings of all kinds, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Inflamed Tonsils, simple and chronic Diarrhœa, Catarrh, (for which it is a specific,) Chilblains, Frosted Feet, Stings of Insects, Mosquitoes, etc., Chapped Hands, Face, and indeed all manner of skin diseases.

TOILET USE.—Removes Soreness, Roughness, and Smarting; heals Cuts, Eruptions, and Pimples. It *revives, invigorates*, and *refreshes*, while wonderfully improving the Complexion.

TO FARMERS.—Pond's Extract. No Stock Breeder, no Livery Man can afford to be without it. It is used by all the Leading Livery Stables, Street Railroads and first Horsemen in New York City. It has no equal for Sprains, Harness or Saddle Chafings, Stiffness, Scratches, Swellings, Cuts, Lacerations, Bleeding, Pneumonia, Colic, Diarrhœa, Chills, Colds, etc. Its range of action is wide, and the relief it affords is so prompt that it is invaluable in every Farm-yard as well as in every Farm-house. Let it be tried once, and you will never be without it.

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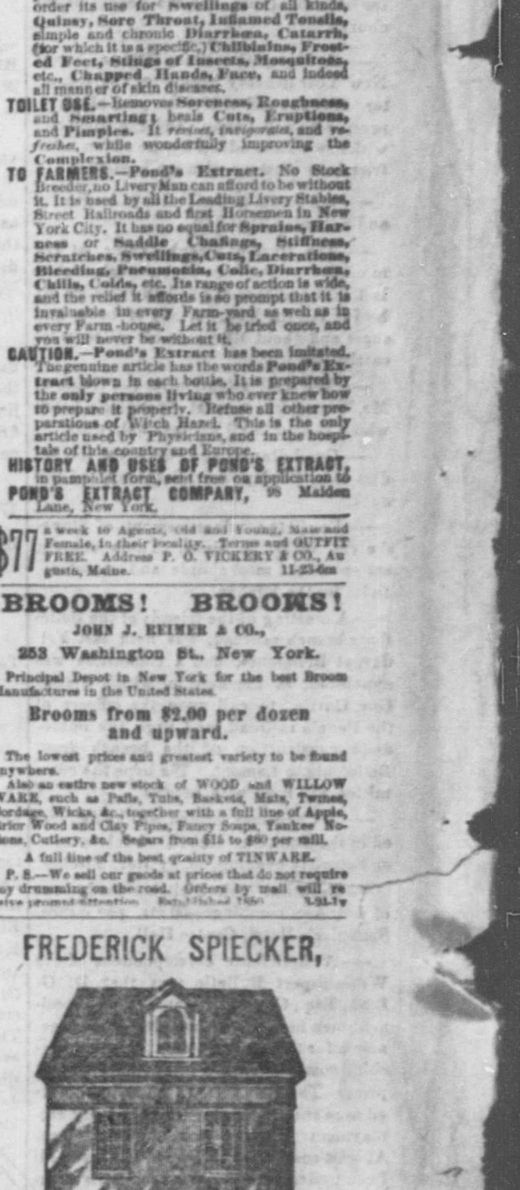

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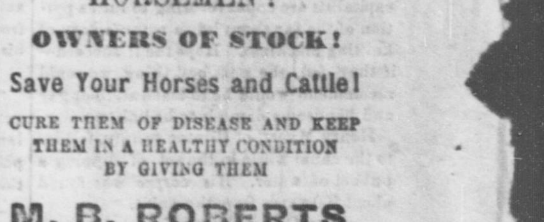

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